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DEMETRIUS,

A

RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

VOL. II.

DEMETRIUS,

A

RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

"Wise, valiant, good,
With every praise, with every laurel crown'd,
The warriour's wonder, and the virgin's sigh."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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DEMETRIUS.

CHAP. I.

"As newly wak'd from all my dreams of glory,
Those gilded visions of deceitful joys,
I stand confounded at the unlook'd for change,
And scarcely feel the thunderbolt of fate
The painted clouds, which bore my hopes aloft,
Are vanish'd now, alas! to yielding air,
And I am fall'n indeed!" *Earl of Essex.*

THE Hetman Kosanka rapidly pursued his flight, with the object of his care, toward the forest of Ilmen. His left arm encircled Demetrius, while the other guided his panting and now almost exhausted steed. As he strained the Prince's body more closely to him, he fancied he felt a faint pulsation at his heart: joy throbbed in that of the Cossack at the hope thus suggested. He examined his countenance: it was pale and cold as the snow which lay beneath them; and his fine hair,

clotted with blood, (for his helmet had fallen off in the combat) gave such a death-like expression to his appearance, that the chief shuddered as he gazed on him; and, bending his head over his brow, a tear fell from an eye seldom hitherto expressive of any unmanly emotion. In this action, however, he felt the warm breath of Demetrius playing on his cheek; and the delightful conviction that life yet remained in his frame, reanimated his exertions to reach the forest. It was night before he arrived at it: he dismounted; and enveloping Demetrius in his cloak, and placing him for support against the trunk of a tree, he endeavoured to kindle a fire from some dry branches which lay scattered on the snow. He succeeded; and placing Demetrius beside it, flattered himself that the warmth might restore him to animation. In a few minutes the Prince unclosed his eyes, and gazed wildly around, then, as if anxious to exclude the prospect before him, feebly raised his hand towards his face, uttered a deep groan, and sunk in the arms of the chief.

The encreasing strength of his respiration however convinced Kosanka that he was recovering; and with the most tender, yet ardent solicitude, he redoubled his endeavours for his complete restoration. Too soon for the peace of Demetrius they succeeded: the agony of his feelings, as he gradually recovered his recollection, was expressed in the wild and haggard glances of his eye, in the abrupt impatience of his movements, in the deep and frequent sighs which heaved his labouring breast.

A sense of humiliation at his late defeat, of anguish at the death of his friend, of agony at the reflection that the loss of this battle was to him the loss of his empire, and of Marina, all rushed successively upon his mind, and totally subdued its former firmness. The pain occasioned by his wound was encreased to torture by the piercing cold of the night wind; and the desolation of the scene around encreased, while it assimilated with, the gloom of his feelings. The dreary wildness of the immense trees which

extended their dark and rugged branches across the snow was faintly displayed by the glimmering fire, on whose blaze darkness seemed to hover, and whose warmth was chilled by its icy and impenetrable bed. A convulsive shuddering passed across the frame of Demetrius. The Cossack endeavoured to reanimate the fluttering flame, and renewed his former attentions to the Prince, who raised his languid eyes to his countenance, to behold who it was thus interested in his fate.

"You, then, are preserved!" he attempted to say, but the words died away upon his lips; and the pain of his wound induced an involuntary movement of his hand towards the part affected. The chief immediately secured it from the effects of the chilling air, by placing a bandage round his brow, and the Prince felt a momentary relief from bodily suffering: his mental anguish, however, was not so easily subdued; and with an expression of heartfelt woe, which penetrated to the soul of the chief, he tremulously

asked, "Are all my gallant subjects, my noble warriours, fallen; and are we only left to mourn over the wreck which I have occasioned?"

"Not all, I trust," replied the Cossack, in a voice he endeavoured to render cheering and assured. "If my orders were obeyed, the Cossack cavalry have secured their lives and liberty by flight."

"But the Poles, the Russians, the brave and faithful Galitzin, have fatally evinced their loyalty," said Demetrius in a tone of enquiry, rather than of assertion; but receiving no reply, a deep gloom overspread his countenance. In vain the chief addressed him in the language of hope and consolation. The remainder of the night was passed in melancholy retrospection, in bitter self upbraiding, in agonizing anticipations.

The dawn of day, which now shed a pale light through the forest, discovered their retreat to the young Kosanka and

several of the Cossacks, who having obeyed the commands of their chief, had sheltered themselves amidst the recesses of the forest, in order, for the present, to elude the pursuit of Prince Vassili, but they all agreed in urging the necessity of their immediate departure, not merely on account of their proximity to the enemy, but from the impossibility of procuring sustenance in such a situation. They expressed the most sincere and lively satisfaction, at beholding their Prince yet alive, and crowded around him with eager, yet respectful, expressions of delight and congratulation; but his rayless eye and pallid cheeks alarmed the faithful Cossacks, and they retired, communicating to each other the apprehensions his appearance had excited.

Demetrius was so feeble from the loss of blood, that all attempts to sustain himself on his courser, during their rapid route, proved ineffectual. Kosanka, observing this, proposed to the Cossacks, that they should make a species of litter,

composed of the branches of trees, which might be placed on one of the horses, guided by a Cossack mounted on another. All this was accomplished; and although the attentive gaze of Demetrius proclaimed his knowledge of what was passing around, he offered neither opposition to, or approval of, their proceedings. To those who had been accustomed to behold him eager, active, animated, high in hope, ardent in spirit, this passiveness of his will, this stupor of his faculties, conveyed the keenest pain, the strongest apprehensions. The Cossacks attributed this change to the pangs of his body, but their commanders, more justly, to those of his mind.

The successes of Demetrius had been so entire, so brilliant, he had deemed himself so secure of their continuance, that this reverse of fortune was not less appalling than unexpected; and he felt himself wholly unable to sustain it with fortitude. The weakness of his frame too encreased that of his mind; and his

mental anguish again acting upon his body retarded the recovery of its former vigour. The small troop of Cossacks were obliged to adopt a circuitous route, in order to elude the possibility of pursuit. In the different villages through which they passed, they learnt that the death of Demetrius and the defeat of his army had already circulated throughout several of the provinces; they remarked that a general gloom pervaded the countenances of the peasantry, with whom they conversed respecting the circumstances of the late battle; yet the caution they observed in their conversation evinced the consciousness they felt of existing under the yoke of a tyrant.

Kosanka proposed, when they reached Pleskow in Lithuania, that they should remain there until the Prince's wound was healed, and his health re-established. Demetrius offered no opposition to this proposal. The unremitting attentions of the chief, the influence of a milder climate,

and the effect of repose, in a short period restored health to the frame, but not happiness to the heart of Demetrius. When he compared his present prospects with those which lay before him at his first entrance into Russia, he felt a sense of agonizing regret, of deep humiliation at the contrast they presented. He was then at the head of a gallant band of Poles, soon joined by his noble Cossacks, his army continually augmenting by the accession of his Russian subjects, all regarding him as their leader, all looking up to him with respect, all relying on him with confidence: but could this confidence, this respect, ever again be experienced for one who had conducted these faithful subjects to disgrace, to imprisonment, to death?

The Cossack chief endeavoured to combat these depressing ideas: he painted the generous character of the Cossacks, their attachment to Ivan, their acknowledgment of his own claims; and he advised Demetrius either to take refuge amongst their territories, or return to Cra-

cow, and again apply to the court of Poland for assistance.

"Never!" exclaimed the Prince, a crimson glow overspreading his before pallid countenance at this last suggestion. "Never! What, shall I again present myself a suppliant before that assembly in whose presence I vainly boasted my assurance of success? Shall I revisit that city, a solitary and degraded being, which I so lately quitted at the head of a gay and gallant army? Shall I expose myself to the reproaches of the sorrowing parent, the widowed mourner, the weeping orphan? Shall I insult by my presence the wretches whom I have made? Shall I, all humbled as are my fortunes, now dare to present myself before——" He paused, and the pang which shot across his heart forbad the utterance of Marina's name, and even rendered her recollection painful. "No," he proudly resumed, when I revisit Cracow it shall be after the triumph of conquest, not the humiliation of defeat;—it shall be with the

splendour of a sovereign, not with the aspect of a suppliant." His dignified gesture, his kindling eye, his elevated mien, showed him again that proud and energetic being the Cossack had first beheld him. He hailed with secret satisfaction this appearance of wonted animation, and renewed his proposal of his retiring into the territory of the Don Cossacks. Demetrius agreed to adopt this plan, when the young Kosanka, who had been dispatched by his father to Cracow with the intelligence of the late defeat, the wound of Demetrius, and his present residence at Pleskow, should have returned. In the meantime the Cossack, from day to day, beheld with inexpressible delight the renovating health and spirits of Demetrius. When sufficiently recovered to ascend his courser, he made long and daily excursions, accompanied by his faithful Cossacks, towards the frontiers of Poland, in hopes of meeting Kosanka on his return to Pleskow.

During one of these expeditions, while Demetrius and the Hetman were engaged in conversation respecting their future plans, they perceived the Cossacks, who had before been galloping at full speed, brandishing their lances, and by their warlike gestures appearing to be, in idea, anticipating the moment of battle, suddenly halt, draw nearer to each other, and appear to be examining some distant object: then, rapidly returning and gathering around Demetrius, they pointed to the distance, and exclaimed, "An army is at hand, an army is advancing towards us!" The Prince directed his glance towards the horizon, and beheld it in appearance, bound by a glittering girdle, for thus did the forest of lances, gleaming in the sun, seem to the dazzled eye.

Hope whispered to the heart of Demetrius that it was an army of friends whom he beheld. "They are our brave allies, they are the gallant Poles!" he exclaimed; and instantly plunging his spurs into his courser's flanks, he advanced at full speed

followed by the band of Cossacks, towards the army. As he drew nearer he beheld the standard and recognized the military array of the Poles. The Cossacks uttered a shout of joy and gratulation. The army haulted: its commander advanced towards Demetrius: it was the Count Wiesnovitski. At the same moment the friends threw themselves from their horses and rushed into each other's arms. The assembled warriours expressed their sympathy by looks, and words, and gestures. Demetrius quitted his friend and advanced towards them.

"Brave and noble Poles!" he said, most powerful is the gratitude I feel for this generous and unexpected aid; an aid I dared not even implore, accorded to me in this my hour of shame and of distress. Ah, may it be my fate to lead you to victory and honour, not to death or to disgrace!" He paused, for his recollections were too painful to be pursued; but the tones and language of the soldiers, who expressed their entire reliance on his guid-

ance, and their ardour in his cause, again restored him to confidence and hope. He now presented the Hetman to Count Wiesnovitski as that noble friend, whose valour had secured his liberty, and whose cares had preserved his life; and Kosanka felt, from the ardent pressure of the Count's hand, that life was indeed dear to his friendly heart. The recollection of the unfortunate Galitzin spread a transitory gloom over the countenance of the Prince; and Count Wiesnovitski understood his feelings too well to increase them by painful and useless enquiries.

The army now pursued their route towards Pleskow, preceded by Demetrius, the Hetman, and Wiesnovitski, of whom the Prince was now enabled to make the most minute and anxious enquiries respecting Marina and the Palatine; the Count presented him a packet containing letters from them, which, he said, would better convey the information he desired than he could express it; and smiled as he perceived the increased rapidity with

which the Prince pursued his way towards Pleskow. On their arrival, Demetrius, requesting the Hetman and Count Wiesnovitski to superintend the arrangements for the disposal of the troops, devoted some hours to the perusal of a packet so dear to him. The letter of Marina breathed a tone of the tenderest solicitude for his present health and future safety. She dwelt not on his late defeat; an intuitive feeling convinced her the subject must be a painful one: but the extreme anxiety she expressed for the future success of his arms, her repeated entreaties that he would not rashly expose that life in which not only her happiness, but the welfare of a nation, depended, evinced how great had been her anxiety and sufferings, and how powerful were now her apprehensions.

The Palatine spoke with some indignation of the indifference which Sigismund betrayed for the success of Demetrius, by still withholding his assistance: he informed him, however, that the Po-

lish nobility were deeply interested in his cause, and that the succours he had now received were but the harbingers of further aid. He urged the necessity of his presenting himself as soon as possible at the head of an army in Russia, lest the report of his death, which would rapidly spread throughout the empire, should induce his subjects to throw aside their unsheathed swords, and resign themselves with hopeless despondency to the dominion of the tyrant. The advice of the Palatine accorded with the wishes of Demetrius, who, with renovated health, felt renovated ardour.

The Prince once more conducted an army of Poles to the frontiers of Russia, once more called upon his subjects to flock to the standard of their lawful sovereign, once more all ranks caught the spirit of enthusiasm in his cause, once more the tyrant trembled on his tottering throne.

The fiery Cossack and the hardy Russian poured from all quarters to join the

army of Demetrius, which, like the mountain avalanche, encreasing both in size and power during its progress, swept forward with rapid, determined, and undeviating pace towards Moscow.

So wonderful, so rapid, are the evolutions of fortune, that he, who so lately triumphed at the imagined death of his detested enemy, now trembled for his own existence. The greatest part of the army under the command of Prince Vassili had fallen victims to the rigour of the season, or the valour of their foes. The rest had been withdrawn into the capital, in order to hold in awe the seditious multitude, whose indignation the report of the Prince's death had inflamed. They were now, however, commanded to march forth, under the orders of Prince Vassili, to meet and to destroy an army of rebels, led on by a desperate and despicable imposter. Such was the title Boris bestowed upon Demetrius, but few assented to its truth: even those who spoke of his intentions with the greatest contempt, the

Patriarch and Prince Vassili, secretly believed in the justice of those claims, which their private interests and peculiar views induced them publickly to deny.

The army departed from Moscow, while the tyrant retired within the walls of the Kremlin, as apprehensive of his domestic enemies as of his foreign foe. Demetrius, apprised of the approach of an army, with an intention to interrupt him before his arrival at Moscow, determined to hasten the approach of a moment which would, in all probability, determine the fate of the empire. He advanced, therefore, with encreased rapidity towards the capital. Prince Vassili determined to await his arrival in the advantageous position he then occupied: his camp was protected on one side by a village, on the other by a wood, and sheltered in the rear by immense rocks, whose summits, frowning over the scene, gave it an air of grandeur and defiance.

Demetrius, when he arrived within view of the enemy's camp, perceived at one glance all the disadvantages which must attend any attempt to attack it. A defeat would now expose him to destruction; victory now seemed a necessity; and this important reflection determined Demetrius not to hazard it, by attacking an enemy thus advantageously situated. In order, however, to draw him from his shelter, he commanded some cannon to be discharged from the heights which he occupied, without approaching nearer the camp, in hopes that Prince Vassili would seek that success which the apparent timidity of the enemy seemed to promise him. But the Prince was already too well apprized of the impetuous character —too well acquainted with the brilliant courage of Demetrius, not to hope that his ardour would conquer his prudence, and made not, therefore, any attempt to abandon his present situation. So much circumspection irritated Demetrius, but did not throw him off his guard. He now believed that the only method of detach-

ing Prince Vassili from his camp, would be to make a retrogade movement. He issued his orders for this purpose to his troops, and, for the first time, beheld himself obeyed with reluctance. This manœuvre was attended with the consequences he expected. When Prince Vassili perceived his intention of retreating, he commanded his cavalry to attack his rear. Demetrius, enchanted at the success of his scheme, rapidly formed his army, gave the command of the Poles to Count Wiesnovitski, the Cossacks to the Hetman, and placed himself at the head of the Russians. Swiftly riding through their different ranks, he addressed a few words of direction and exhortation to each, and thus concluded his address:—"It is not merely for victory that you are about to contend: your own liberties, your nation's honour, and your monarch's life depend upon the issue of the coming combat: to me it will present either victory or death: from your courage I expect the first: disappoint not, then, the hope your ardour has induced me to

cherish." Shouts of applause and assent arose from the various, yet combined, hosts. "Demetrius and victory! Demetrius and victory!" resounded along their lines, and reached those of the enemy. Suddenly a corresponding shout arose from among them, and tumult and confusion appeared throughout their ranks. "Demetrius is the Czar of Russia! Demetrius is the heir of the empire!" resounded on every side; and the Prince beheld an immense column of cavalry, which formed the right wing of Prince Vassili's army, quit their present position, and, wheeling round the base of the eminence near which they were stationed, approach with inconceivable rapidity towards Demetrius. The commander then advancing, flung himself from his horse, bent one knee to the ground, and requested the commands of his sovereign for himself and his troops, who were prepared to obey the orders of one they acknowledged as the only true Czar. This movement was executed with such rapidity, the whole scene appeared so in-

stantaneous, that the troops of Prince Vassili, stupified at the view of a desertion so sudden, so unexpected, made no attempt either to prevent or to pursue their flight. Prince Vassili, enraged at the scene before him, commanded an instant charge to be made on the enemy, and his forces recovering from their momentary panic, rushed onward to those of Demetrius: the Cossacks received them with their fixed and projecting lances: they were repulsed, but rallied by Prince Vassili, and again brought on to the charge. The Cossacks for a moment seemed to shrink from their uplifted sabres. Demetrius hastened with the Russians to their assistance, but fresh squadrons bore down upon this spot, where all the tumult of the battle seemed to rage. A sudden terror seized the troops of Demetrius: they retreated; but the Prince preserved order amongst them, and withdrew them to the eminence they had at first possessed. Prince Vassili, now deeming himself secure of victory, ordered his whole force to abandon the camp,

and hasten to the combat: meantime he awaited their arrival at the base of the hill, and a short interval of silence and repose succeeded the ardour and courage of the first onset.

Demetrius availed himself of this opportunity to place his troops in more advantageous dispositions, and to deliver some instructions to those who had so lately joined him. The Prince determined to rush from the eminence he now possessed upon the enemy below, who were discovered issuing in immense force from the camp to join Prince Vassili, who was engaged with his manœuvres on the plain. Demetrius again addressed a short speech to his soldiers, not of reproach, but of encouragement: his eloquence, his brilliant and animated countehance, the ardour of his gestures, the confidence of his manner, reanimated all their wonted enterprise, and they poured down with irresistable fury upon the opposing army, which waited their approach with undaunted aspect. The troops on either

side renewed and continued the combat with a degree of desperate valour, which seemed to render its issue uncertain. During the heat of the action, the Prince's unguarded courage exposed him to the attack of a soldier, whose sword threatened him with instant destruction, when Kosanka intercepted the blow, and received the point of the weapon in his arm. Demetrius scarcely perceived the danger before he saw himself delivered from it; and the soldier was instantly felled to the ground by the sabres of his troops. His gratitude to the Hetman was only conveyed by an expressive glance, for at this moment Prince Vassili broke through the Cossacks, by whom he was surrounded, and rushed towards Demetrius, resolved to determine the fate of the day by engaging him in single combat. The Prince perceived his intention, and, although he had received a slight wound in his left shoulder, eagerly advanced to the encounter. The troops on either side suspended the fight and gazed with speechless anxiety on their respective chiefs,

whose determined aspects, whose fiery countenances, whose rapid, yet skilful, movements, seemed to forebode a fatal termination to the conflict.

The heavy sabre of Prince Vassili shivered the helmet of Demetrius, which fell in glittering fragments on the ground, while the blood poured from the wound over his shining ringlets. A cry of terror proceeded from his troops, and they were rushing forward to separate the combatants, when Demetrius, pressing still closer to the Prince, plunged his sabre in his side: a deadly paleness overspread his countenance; he closed his eyes, and sunk to the ground, without uttering a single groan. A shout of triumph arose from the troops of Demetrius; those of the enemy fled in confusion: the Prince pursued them; they rushed tumultuously towards their camp. At this moment Count Wiesnovitski, who had been engaged with another detachment of the enemy's army, and had fought with the same success, was pursuing the fugitives

in the same direction, when he encountered Demetrius, whose discoloured and dishevelled hair, whose eye, beaming with the fire of the hero, whose blood-stained and unlifted sabre gave him the aspect of Mars triumphing amidst the battle's tumult; valour nerving his arm, and victory shining on his brow. "The day is our own!" exclaimed Count Wiesnovitski. "Prince Vassili is slain!" replied Demetrius; and their extended hands were mutually grasped in mutual congratulation.

The cry of "Quarter! quarter!" now resounded on every side.

"Spare the vanquished foe! sheathe the useless sabre!" said Demetrius to his troops, who were still dealing destruction around. His commands were obeyed; the conquerors ceased from the carnage; the conquered threw their weapons on the ground. Once more Demetrius felt the joy of victory, and felt it unalloyed. Struck with the sense of its importance, his heart dilated with gratitude to him who

had bestowed it. "Thanks be to God!" he exclaimed, "the conquest is complete; the empire is our own." He bent his knee to the ground, and an expression of the most glowing and heart-felt devotion softened while it illuminated the hero's countenance, as he raised his hands and heart towards the God of battles. The whole army, inspired by his piety, followed his example. A silence, solemn and universal, prevailed. Every heart beat in unison; every eye was raised towards Heaven.

To these elevated feelings, this sacred duty, succeeded the eager tone of joy, the warm grasp of gratulation, the anxious glance of enquiry. More painful were their emotions, when amidst the bleeding heaps, which lay scattered over the plain, all recognized their comrades, many their friends, and some, their kindred. Demetrius, while engaged in the duties of humanity, separating the dead from the wounded and the dying, discovered Prince Vassili; and finding that he yet

breathed, raised him from the ground, and commanded some soldiers to bear him to his tent, and bestow on him every attention his state required: these attentions succeeded: and Demetrius, after beholding him restored to recollection, quitted him, to return to the field of battle; on re-entering it, he perceived a courier galloping across the plain; his courser panting with toil and heat, his garb covered with dust, his eager gestures, his enquiring glances, proclaimed him the bearer of important tidings. Demetrius advanced towards him. The courier, pausing, exclaimed, "Conduct me to Demetrius, the Czar of Russia, the only lawful ruler over the empire."

"It is himself whom you address," replied the Prince. "What are the tidings that you bear?"

The courier threw himself from his horse, and bent one knee to the ground, while he delivered a packet to Demetrius. He hastily unclosed it, and his cheek

flushed with surprise, and his eye sparkled with triumph, as he perused its contents. It was a document signed by the principal nobility of Moscow, stating, that the tyrant Boris, long agitated by fear, by remorse, suspicious of all who approached him, at length driven to despair by the open revolt of his subjects, and the successes of Demetrius, had swallowed poison, and expired in the presence of the Danish and Swedish ambassadors, to whom he was giving audience. Immediately on his decease, the Patriarch had declared Feodor, the tyrant's son, heir to his throne; but being deserted by all the nobility of Moscow, he had been obliged to renounce his newly acquired dignity, and retired from the Kremlin to the habitation of his only remaining parent. The Patriarch now declared himself in favour of Demetrius, and the nobles of Moscow unanimously requested his presence in the capital, when all the empire would own his dominion, and the throne of his ancestors receive him as its sovereign. The Prince communicated the

intelligence contained in this document to those around him; it was rapidly circulated throughout the scattered legions; and all was tumult, transport, and confusion.

The Hetman of the Cossacks and Count Wiesnovitski approached; Demetrius alternately embraced them, with an emotion which the elevation of his soul and the interest of the moment rendered at once tender and ardent.

Moscow was within a few versts of the field of battle; and on the morrow Demetrius purposed to make his first entrance into the capital of his empire.

CHAP. XII.

"Before his footsteps bow
"The multitude exulting. On he treads
"Rever'd and honour'd: their enraptur'd sight
"Pursues his graceful stature, and their tongues
"Extol and hail him as their guardian god."

Glover's Leonidas.

THE sun was yet low in the horizon; the morning mists were yet undispersed; the birds were yet chanting their matins, when Demetrius, at the head of his troops, crossed the plain of Lagra, and beheld in the distance the city of Moscow.

Numerous and slender spires glittering with gold, burnished domes, lofty turrets, and painted palaces, shone with a radiant confusion that repelled the dazzled eye, and compelled it to turn for relief towards the lovely scenery by which they were surrounded. The gay blossoms of the gardens, the soft verdure of the groves, the bright turf of the lawns,

were reflected in the waters of the Mosca, which, after winding through the city, gently flowed onwards among the surrounding country. All the charms of a Russian spring; heightened by the suddenness and force of its contrast with the severity of a Russian winter, now fascinated the senses, and gladdened the heart of man. The clear serene sky, the soft elastic breeze, the freshness of morn, and the fragrance of spring, breathed into the soul that buoyant hilarity of spirit so often felt during the early hour of the morn and the primeval season of the year.

The splendid and warlike cavalcade, which covered the plain, increased; while it participated in, the gaiety of the scene. The dignified and martial Cossacks, with their towering helmets and glittering garbs, curbing their neighing steeds; the more slender and more agile hussars of Poland, with their purple plumes and golden mails, compelling their coursers to obey the rein, as they bounded forward to the city; the firm and graver Russians,

whose simplicity of costume gave to each man the full character of his figure and mien, combining an expression of manly and warlike dignity. From this numerous and splendid train the eye of Demetrius glanced towards the imperial city; and a glow of hope, of pride, of exultation, pervaded his soul, as he felt that he was the lord of the scene, the sovereign of the empire.

As they drew yet nearer to the domes and towers of Moscow, a thousand bells rung from the steeples, and thousands and ten thousands of voices exclaimed with one accord, "Long live the Czar Demetrius! Long live the Sovereign of the empire! Long live the Czar Demetrius!" was re-echoed by the troops who accompanied him; and every heart *wished*, what every lip *expressed*, "Long life to the youthful Monarch! Long life to Demetrius of Russia!"

Not now, as on his entrance into Novogorod, did he behold deserted streets

and vacant habitations. The balconies were crowded with spectators; the tones of festivity resounded through the streets; the shout of joy ascended; hope, curiosity, eagerness, beamed on every countenance; all anxiously pressed forward to behold the blooming hero, to welcome and to gratulate their lawful sovereign; all gazed with mingled admiration and respect upon his graceful, yet commanding figure, his brow impressed with majesty, his eagle eye which flashed a radiance that almost forbad the gaze of man, while his smile, sweet, fascinating, resistless, as powerfully attracted it.

The Patriarch of the empire, in the splendid habit of his order, accompanied by all the nobility of Moscow, advanced in procession to meet Demetrius, and conduct him to the palace of the Czars.

The throne so lately occupied by the guilty Boris, now received the noble-minded Demetrius. Before he ascended it, the Patriarch pronounced his blessing,

and poured the oil of consecration on his head. Again the shout of "Long live the Czar Demetrius!" was repeated through the palace; again it was re-echoed through the city. Demetrius waved his hand to command silence—and silence prevailed.

"Friends, subjects, and fellow soldiers!" he began, "this day, which beholds me seated on the throne of my ancestors, beholds my future life pledged for your happiness and welfare. I feel the awful duties that await me; but with the duties, are combined the powers (whatever powers the proudest soul could wish) to execute that good the warmest heart might dictate——." He paused, for a sudden murmur arose from among the assembled nobles. They gave way on either side, and through the intervening space rushed a youthful female, who prostrated herself at the foot of the throne. Demetrius gazed on her with speechless astonishment; her ringlets streaming over her slender and graceful figure, her eyes

suffused with tears, her clasped hands, her imploring attitude, her brilliant beauty, excited at once surprise, and admiration. He descended from the throne, and raising her from the ground, enquired her name, and the occasion of her grief. She turned aside her head and wept with encreasing violence.

"The Princess Irene!" said the Patriarch advancing towards her.

"The Princess Irene? repeated Demetrius, in a tone of enquiry.

"The daughter of the late Czar," was the reply of the Patriarch.

Demetrius involuntarily quitted her hand, which had been detained in his. Irene understood the action, and cast on him a glance of such expressive, yet timid, reproach, that his feelings softened towards her; and in an accent gentle and impressive, he assured her of protection and security, not only for herself, but her

friends and kindred. Again she threw herself at his feet, and her gratitude was expressed with as much energy as had been her terrour and supplication.

Demetrius, anxious to conclude this scene, requested some of the nobles, who surrounded him, to re-conduct her in safety to her dwelling; and assured her she might withdraw in the firmest reliance on his promise of protection. It was with apparent reluctance that she complied with the request; but the air of decision, though now tempered by sweetness, which Demetrius invariably possessed, convinced Irene she had nothing more to hope from a longer continuance. She quitted the palace, attended by the appointed nobles. Demetrius renewed his address to the assembly; and the subsequent events of the day nearly obliterated the circumstance from his memory.

The feelings of Demetrius on the close of that day, which had beheld him seated on the throne of Russia, acknowledg-

ed as the sovereign of the largest empire in Europe, were varied and tumultuous; yet the proud glow of gratified ambition, the warm throb of anticipated bliss, gradually yielded to the softer emotions of filial affection; and the sweet conviction that the moment was approaching when he should release his beloved parent from her dreary prison, and be enabled to repay, by the most devoted duty and affection, those sufferings which she had for him endured, diffused over his heart that tender enthusiasm of feeling which possesses all the bliss of rapture without its tumults.

The convent of St. Ismailo was situated at some distance from Moscow; and Demetrius, prevented by the necessity of his presence in the capital, from going in person to greet and to release his mother, dispatched for this purpose an embassy, composed of the principal nobility of the empire. Having, however, given audience to the embassadors from the different provinces, published a manifesto to his

subjects, with unlimited offers of pardon and protection, and dispatched other affairs of state, as the day drew towards its close, judging that the Czarina's carriage must be within a few versts of the capital, the Czar accompanied by Counts Wiesnovitski, Kosanka, and followed by several Boyards, and an immense and continually augmenting throng, quitted the city, and advanced towards the wood of Smerdu, through which the Czarina was expected to pass.

As Demetrius entered it, the sun was sinking behind a chain of distant mountains, and tinted the feathery verdure and slender trunks of the larch and aspen with its purple radiance; while the Mosca, like a stream of liquid gold, flowed in graceful windings through the surrounding country. The feelings of Demetrius were bright and ardent as the scene before him; but yet more bright was the glow of his cheek, more ardent the glance of his eye, as through the scattered trees he beheld the Czarina's carriage surround-

ed by horsemen, rapidly approaching. The cavalcade paused on perceiving the Czar: he threw himself from his horse, and rushed towards the carriage; the door was flung open, and the Czarina overpowered by various emotions, sunk half fainting into the arms of her son.

"My mother, my beloved mother!" he passionately and tenderly exclaimed, as he pressed her to his breast.

"My son, my long-lost son!" she faintly uttered, as she leaned for support upon his shoulder, and wept with uncontrolable emotion. The eyes of Demetrius were also suffused with tears, as the overpowering remembrance of long-treasured affection rushed upon his mind; and he beheld the reveries of his infancy, the day-dreams of his youth, and the hope of his manhood, thus fondly, thus completely realised. No shout of gratulation arose; no sound of joy proceeded from the surrounding spectators to interrupt the soft, yet solemn, stillness; but their tearful eyes,

their expressive glances, betrayed more strong, though silent, sympathy, as they gazed upon the manly form and blooming countenance of the son, and the pallid cheek and attenuated figure of the parent.

When the first tumult of emotion had in some measure subsided, Demetrius reseated the Czarina in her carriage, and, placing himself beside her, commanded the procession to advance towards Moscow. Each was now enabled to contemplate the countenance of the other. In the graceful form, the noble features, the tender expression which beamed from the eye of Demetrius, as he gazed on her, the Czarina seemed to recognize her beloved Ivan: in the deep, but almost pensive tones, with which he replied to her, she seemed to hear her lamented Feoder. All those sweet and varied emotions which attend on kindred love, so long and so cruelly suppressed, were re-awakened in her breast. With maternal tenderness she gazed on the form of the son; with maternal triumph she recalled the deeds

of the hero; with maternal confidence she anticipated the splendour of the monarch. More subdued and less pleasurable were the emotions with which Demetrius dwelt on the countenance of his mother: her hollow cheek, though now faintly flushed with the transient glow of hope; her sunken eye, though now beaming with the fire of joy and pride, conveyed a pang to the heart of her son, as he thought how different had been the image he had pictured from the object he beheld. "My mother!" he said, in a tone expressive of the deepest commiseration, "my mother! and is it for me that you have thus suffered?" "Suffered!" repeated the Czarina, in a tone which seemed to imply all suffering was banished from her remembrance, "can I think of suffering when I behold my son,—when that beloved son addresses me by the title of mother?" Demetrius again clasped her to his heart, in silent, but expressive, gratitude. In briefly recapitulating the principal events of his past life, the death of the faithful Galitzin was mentioned by him, and heard

by her with that deep regret such a loss was calculated to excite in grateful and sensible hearts.

When they reached Moscow, and descended from the carriage at the Imperial palace, a sudden rush of painful recollections poured upon the Czarina's heart. It had once been the scene of love and of triumph; it had also been the scene of death and of despair,—of despair which had bordered upon madness. The torturing emotions which at one dreadful period when she had beheld Feodor expiring, had possessed her soul, seemed again to occupy it: horror of the past inspired dread of the future. "Oh, go not there, my son," she wildly exclaimed, "go not to the haunts of murder!" "My beloved mother!" replied the Czar, "calm this frightful agitation; when there are no murderers, we need not apprehend murder."

"No *murderer!*" she repeated, casting a rapid and shuddering glance around

the assembled nobles. Her eyes rested on the countenance of Prince Vassili, who was recovering from the effects of his wound, and having received a generous and unconditional pardon from Demetrius, had presented himself, among the other nobles of Moscow, at the entrance of the palace, to welcome the arrival of the Czarina. His pallid cheeks, contrasted with his dark brow, gave to his countenance an expression of gloom and ferosity which almost justified the impressions it made on the Czarina, who, remembering in his person the friend and minister of the guilty Boris, overcome by the recollections thus awakened in her mind, fainted in the arms of her son, who instantly conveyed her to the palace, and by the most assiduous attentions at length recalled her to recollection. Flattering himself that a night's repose would restore her to composure, and dissipate the vain alarms which possessed her imagination, he prevailed on her to retire to rest, and bade her adieu with strangely mingled emotions of pity, chastened by respect; of love,

softened by compassion; of pleasure, tempered by regret.

On the following and the succeeding days the Czarina evidently attempted to subdue and conceal those painful emotions she in vain endeavoured to extinguish. The first glow of delight she had experienced on being restored to her son, like the blaze of expiring embers, was transient as vivid, and gave way to a deep and oppressive melancholy. Each object recalled to her mind the memory of the murdered Feodor; and the view of Demetrius, moving amidst the same scenes, elevated to the same rank, and performing the same duties, instead of being productive of the happiness she had anticipated, filled her with an apprehension painful to him and unaccountable even to herself, that his too would be the same fate.

Amongst the various changes to which the human heart is liable, amidst the various disappointments to which mortality

is exposed, none is felt so keenly by ourselves, none is regarded with so much surprise by others, as that incapacity of receiving pleasure, which is too often experienced by those who have been long enured to pain. The wintry landscape may revive beneath returning spring; but no *second* spring awaits the withered heart: on its blighted blossoms the dews of sympathy, the glance of affection, fall in vain. As easy were it to renew the blooming graces as the early feelings of unclouded youth; those warm and sunny feelings which, like the beams of Heaven, shed their own glowing colouring o ver every surrounding object; but when these beams are quenched, when these feelings are fled; though the scenes may remain the same, the light which adorned them with life, and splendour, and gaiety, is for ever extinguished. Reason may tell us, the blessings we once so eagerly coveted are our own, the hope whose attainment seemed to promise a certainty of bliss is fulfilled; but the heart replies, Yes! the blessings are conferred, the hope

is attained, but the spirit of enjoyment is past. This state of mind is the more to be deprecated, because it is regarded with censure, and not with compassion. The generality of mankind can sympathize with present misfortunes, with actual calamities, but few, very few, extend even indulgence to that fixed, yet settled gloom, which oppresses a heart, whose elastic spring, formerly responsive to the touch of mirth and gaiety, has been destroyed by the long and habitual pressure of misfortune. The human mind is ever prone to censure what it cannot understand; and those are condemned, as yielding to the sullenness of despair or the repinings of discontent, when in fact they are bending beneath the visitation of Heaven. All this was experienced by the Czarina, and experienced with additional poignancy from the conviction that Demetrius beheld it with regret. In vain she struggled to command her feelings, in vain she sought to dress her face in smiles, when heaviness dwelt at her heart; in vain she incessantly recalled her present

blessings to her remembrance. Alas! when it becomes necessary for others or ourselves to remind us of our blessings, they have long ceased to be such. But vain, forever vain in such a contest, is the voice of reason! it may teach us to endure, but cannot compel us to enjoy; it may induce resignation, but cannot enforce happiness.—When the chords of the harp are unstrung, the hand of the master is exercised in vain: sound it may indeed produce, but cannot command harmony.

The contrast which the splendour and tumult of the palace presented to the stillnes and solitude of her cell, irritated, rather than gratified the feelings of the Czarina: and the respect paid, the flatteries addressed to her by the courtiers, no longer, as formerly, gratified her pride, or commanded her belief. She had seen the fluctuations of their conduct during the reigns of Ivan and Feodor; she had heard of the servile regards they had paid to Boris; and she had felt

the neglect with which they had allowed her to pine in imprisonment. Her soul sickened amidst these scenes of flattery and dissimulation, and she requested her son's permission to retire from a spot which notwithstanding his presence, was rendered painful to her by a variety of combining causes. She urged that, by adopting a residence within a short distance of the city, she should be enabled to behold him with as much frequency, and more freedom, than at present; they should then be unfettered by the restraints of grandeur, and unconstrained by the presence of society. Demetrius, though he listened to this proposal with sorrow, hesitated not to accord it his immediate compliance; and in a short period a splendid habitation was prepared within a few versts of Moscow for the reception of the Czarina. Her health and spirits appeared benefited by this change, and Demetrius, in contemplating the effects with satisfaction, ceased to remember their cause with regret.

CHAP. III.

"He bears it high"———
"High!
With uncontroul'd command! you see already
He will not be encumber'd with the fetters
Of our advice—He speaks his sovereign will;
On every hand he issues out his orders
To us, his natural slaves"———

Thompson's Coriolanus.

DEMETRIUS, on the day of his accession to the throne, had dispatched a courier into Poland with the intelligence of his brilliant and entire success. He addressed a few words to the Princess of Sendomir, expressive of his eager hopes, his rapturous exultation at the approach of that moment, when he should be enabled to claim and to receive her as the partner of his throne, and the mistress of his fate. His inclinations would have prompted him to dispatch an immediate embassy into Poland, for the purpose of publickly demanding the Princess in marriage; but the advice of Count Wies-

novitski determined him to delay his espousals, till the empire should be restored to a state of entire tranquillity.

The adherents of Feodor, the son of Boris, were still numerous, and notwithstanding the Czar's declaration of unlimited pardon, many of the troops yet maintained themselves among the fastnesses of the mountains, or the depths of the forests. Demetrius, whose presence was requisite in his capital, dispatched an army, chiefly composed of Cossacks, commanded by Kosanka, with directions to secure, if possible, the persons of the refugees, without shedding their blood, and induce them to swear allegiance to their lawful sovereign.

In the meantime Demetrius applied himself with infinite assiduity to reform several abuses in the state and army. He punished many judges, convicted of iniquitous practices; he drew up a code of laws for the civil regulation of his subjects; he descended even to objects of

more minute importance, and endeavoured to introduce the Polish customs and dress among his subjects. Beholding, with equal mortification and surprise, the utter ignorance in which the Russian nation was involved, and judging that by destroying those useless distinctions, which custom had made, and prejudice continued, between themselves and the surrounding nations, he should also destroy the grand obstacle to moral and intellectual improvement; he endeavoured by his own example to reconcile the minds of his people to these innovations. With surprise he discovered that this attempt was productive of universal discontent. Those who had calmly beheld his regulations in affairs of the state, murmured when his interference was extended to the intercourse of social life; the consequences of the first were neither instantly felt, or clearly perceived; those of the last were immediate. His subjects were required to renounce those habits and ceremonies, which as their own were regard-

ed with affection, as their ancestors with reverence.

Demetrius, with a gaiety of spirit and of manner peculiarly his own, at first endeavoured to conquer their reluctance by ridicule or raillery; but raillery, when employed against those who possess a certain consciousness of inferiority, is always regarded as an expression of contempt. The grave and haughty Boyards returned the playful address of their Czar by a cold and repulsive silence, and his more serious remonstrances, by a declaration that they preferred the observances of their ancestors, to those of a foreign nation.

Contrast of character has been said to be productive of mutual gratification; but it must be a contrast rather of manner than of mind, of accidental opinion, rather than of natural sentiment; those minds which never meet in agreement, can never allow for each other in dissent. In opinion, in sentiment, and in manner,

Demetrius alike differed from the people whom he governed; while the peculiar nature of his past life, had prevented him from acquiring that comprehensive knowledge of human nature which enables its possessors to enter into, and make allowance for, weaknesses and prejudices from which themselves may be exempt. In the convent he had indeed seen men both the slave and victim of prejudice; but he had felt inclined to attribute this perversion of the intellect to the peculiarity of his situation, rather than the constitution of his nature; besides, though he had perceived its fatal effects, he was yet unacquainted with its impregnable force; it is only when opposed, that prejudice flings aside the priestly gown or silken robe, to display the impenetrable armour they conceal. The lion slumbers, till roused by the spear of the huntsman; the hurricane is silent, till it encounter the opposing rock. Demetrius, as he obtained not, during his conventual life, even a just acquaintance of the motives in which that life had originated, was also com-

pletely excluded from acquiring a knowledge of those rapid fluctuations of feeling, those variations of opinion, those inconsistencies of conduct, which man discovers in a state of freedom. As the passions and the feelings of the human breast had in the convent appeared nearly extinguished, so in the court were they entirely concealed, (concealed at least from the discovery of the inexperienced Demetrius,) by the courteous phrase, the studied accent, the habitual self possession; he here indeed acquired a knowledge of the *manners*, but he was still unacquainted with the *minds*, of his fellow creatures. The ocean's surface, smooth and bright, was disclosed to his view; but its dark abysses, its varied wonders, its fearful recesses, were unexplored. The camp shewed him man in a different, but equally delusive point of view. Here the passions were neither extinguished, or repressed, but they were concentrated; and nothing raises the character so much above its natural level, nothing adorns it with so much temporary dignity, as the concen-

tration of the passions, the feelings, and the hopes towards an object of importance. Here Demetrius had no opportunity of discovering those petty foibles, those disgusting meannesses, that revolting selfishness, which are too often betrayed in the intercourse of common society; he could not even discover the vast superiority of his own understanding over that of the generality of mankind; because he had only to explain his wishes, or deliver his commands, before he beheld them acquiesced in, or obeyed; and the agreement of the will, is often mistaken for the comprehension of the mind. But now, when he found himself called upon to adapt his ideas and language to the comprehensions of all ranks and capacities; to explain his views and wishes to a race of men, whose progress in civilization had been merely sufficient to introduce its artificial distinctions, but not its intellectual refinements, he discovered, with surprise, his utter inability to influence the wills, or convince the understandings, of his subjects. When he

perceived that his example and his recommendation failed to introduce those regulations he desired, he tried the influence of reason; finding them inaccessible to argument, he had recourse to raillery; when this also proved ineffectual, and, unwilling to command, where he yet hoped to convince, he sought amongst the Boyards for some noble, capable of assisting him in the task of reforming the manners and customs of the Russians. The idea of demanding the aid of Prince Vassili occurred to him. His genius had enabled this nobleman, though educated in the midst of ignorance and bigotry to emerge *himself* from their dominion; at the same time that his judgment taught him the danger of combating them, without the most extreme caution, in *others*.

Demetrius, gratified by the enthusiasm with which he entered into his views, and the clearness with which he comprehended them, with all the confidence of a generous nature, believing that one who had received honours, liberty, nay

even life at his hands, must be bound by every tie of gratitude and affection to his service, determined, even in opposition to the advice of Count Wiesnovitski, and the wishes of the Czarina, to avail himself of the Prince's assistance in effecting the reforms he meditated.

It was at this period, that Demetrius recalled to his remembrance the promise he had made the Princess Irene in the council chamber, on the day of his accession to the throne, and, determining to fulfil it, visited the secluded habitation where dwelt the family of the late triumphant Boris. The Czar was conducted to the presence of his predecessor's now deserted consort, who received him with an attention which bordered upon servility. Demetrius renewed his promise of protection to herself and family, and, while making this assurance, Irene entered the apartment and advanced towards him; not as he had before beheld her, with dishevelled locks and streaming eyes, possessed of courage to brave the

presence of a numerous assembly; but with timid air and downcast glances.

The Czar gazed upon her with increased surprise and renewed admiration. The soft bloom of her youthful countenance, the graceful movements of her slender figure, the air of modesty which seemed to envelop her, and which so often inspires the greater degree of respect than the proudest majesty or coldest reserve, excited his admiration, while it forbade the expression of it; and with a degree of hesitation, as if fearing to offend by recalling it to her remembrance, he alluded to the scene which had passed in the council chamber; and alleged his various duties and employments as the causes of his having, till the present moment, delayed to ratify the promise he had then made. A degree of confusion appeared in her countenance, as she raised her eyes towards Demetrius, and expressed her gratitude.

"My unfortunate daughter," said the late Czarino, "has greatly condemned her imprudence, for intruding unauthorized into your presence; but fear for a mother's safety induced her to do that, which a mother's *prudence* must condemn, though a mother's *love* may pardon." "Pardon!" repeated Demetrius, as he glanced his eye over the beautiful and retiring form of Irene, and thought, how great must have been that filial affection which could induce her timid feelings to brave the presence of the multitude! The exclamation was understood—and both the Czarina and her daughter were satisfied with it. The visits of Demetrius at the palace of Godonof, were frequently renewed, and with encreasing satisfaction. The attention with which Irene hung on his words, the assenting smile, the approving glance with which she repaid them, possessed a charm, felt, though not understood, by Demetrius. In restoring the family of the late Czar to their hereditary rank and possessions, and in maintaining a frequent intercourse with

them, he believed himself actuated by the most generous and disinterested motives; and knew not that, far from subduing his prejudices, he was indulging his inclinations. Not that his heart was touched by the fascinations of Irene; but his vanity was flattered by her attentions—attentions sufficiently obvious to gratify his feelings, but not sufficiently apparent to awaken his suspicions. Irene, meantime, imagined her influence over the Czar was daily augmenting, and flattered herself that, with the aid of the Patriarch and Prince Vassili, she should obtain *that* station to which, since the accession of Demetrius, her ambitious hopes had aspired.

Count Wiesnovitski beheld the scene which was acting with surprise and alarm. From the knowledge he had already acquired of the Russian nation, he feared they might view, with dislike, the elevation of a foreign Princess to their Czar's imperial throne; he also feared that the noble family of the Princess Irene,

and her numerous adherents among the Boyards of the empire, would induce them to indulge hopes respecting their Czar's union with her, which his conduct was but too much calculated to encourage. While these reflections were passing through the mind of the Count, he was surprised by the sudden entrance of their object.

"My friend," said Demetrius, advancing towards him, "too long have I obeyed the dictates of prudence; it is time that love should now re-assume its rights. This morning, to my assembled council, I propose declaring my intention of dispatching an embassy into Poland, to demand in marriage the Princess of Sendomir. I come to request your attendance, and that of my Polish friends, that I may at least view some serene countenances around me, should those of my Boyards display sullenness or discontent at the declaration of my will."

"You then apprehend," demanded the Count, "the opposition of your subjects?

"I apprehend," replied Demetrius, while a frown darkened his brow, "opposition from my subjects, in all that is just, or wise, or noble. Involved in the delusions of error, they yet behold, with alarm, the hand their sovereign would extend, to draw aside the veil which conceals truth from their view."

"It may, however," said the Count, be drawn aside too hastily. The eye, which is accustomed to gloom, is dazzled, but not enlightened by a sudden effusion of light."

"True," replied Demetrius, "and my anxiety to obtain their unanimous approbation of my present proposal is so powerful, that I will permit my subjects to shroud themselves, awhile, amidst the thickest gloom of prejudice and superstition, provided they do not insist upon involving their sovereign in their own beloved darkness."

Demetrius spoke with an air of contempt and asperity, which alarmed the

prudence of Count Wiesnovitski. He had, of late, remarked, with much concern and apprehension, the encreased impatience of the Czar's feelings and manner. Quick, fiery, ardent, impatient of opposition, yet open to entreaty; soon offended, as easily appeased; impetuous in all his pursuits, rapid in all his movements; his active spirit panting to execute, what his eagle genius conceived; he felt irritated at the contrast presented in the deliberate proceedings, the cautious enquiries, the doubting spirit, of his Russian subjects. Possessing a clear understanding, which enabled him to separate truth from the adventitious circumstances by which it is so frequently surrounded, he was surprised and mortified at beholding his people the slaves of the grossest superstition; regarding a cross or a painting with a reverence due only to their Creator, and silently betraying their horrour or astonishment at his neglect of these observances, which to *them* constituted religion itself.

Count Wiesnovitski had beheld this

opposition of character between Demetrius and his subjects with deep regret; and he feared that his present design, if carried into execution, would still further alienate their affections. He saw, however, in the kindling eye and glowing cheek of the Czar, that on this subject he would not even from him, brook either advice or opposition; he determined, therefore, to comply with his request, and attend him to the council chamber. When they entered it, they found the Russians already assembled, and waiting, with the countenances of grave deliberation, the presence of their Czar.

Demetrius prefaced the declaration he was prepared to make, by explaining the advantages which would result from his union with a foreign Princess, rather than by adhering to the customs of his ancestors, in espousing one of his own subjects. He then briefly touched upon the engagement he had entered into, when in Poland with the Princess of Sendomir, and, in a calm and decided tone, declar-

ed his intention of dispatching an embassy to claim the fulfilment of her promise, and to conduct her into Russia. He paused—but a sullen silence pervaded the assembly. Demetrius, irritated at this tacit disapprobation, which to his impatient spirit was more displeasing than open remonstrance; glancing his eye around the nobles, demanded their opinions.

"If we are assembled here as your Majesty's speech imports," replied the Patriarch, "merely to assent to the proposal you have made, our opinions can be of little avail; but since, however, you require them from us, I will venture to incur your displeasure, by obeying your commands, and declare that, by dissenting from the long-established customs of your ancestors, you disappoint the expectations of your subjects, who had anticipated a far different alliance."

"What alliance?" haughtily demanded Demetrius. "The Princess Irene!" the

Princess Irene!" was murmured through the apartment. The attitude and expression of the Czar betrayed the utmost astonishment. "The Princess Irene!" he exclaimed, and would have added, "the daughter of a tyrant—the descendant of a murderer!" but the recollection of her sweet and playful charms, her innocent and bewitching manner, darted across his mind, and checked the expression of his surprise. The hesitation of his manner induced the nobles to believe he might comply with their wishes, and several of the Boyards now openly expressed what they had long secretly desired.

The firmness of the Czar's manner, however, soon dissipated this transitory hope. They were assembled, he said, for compliance, and not for deliberation; in following the dictates of inclination and honour, he also provided for the interests of his subjects; and their indifference to his happiness, should not render him insensible to their welfare. With-

out attending to the various objections which were now addressed to him, he abruptly dissolved the council, and retiring to his palace, secluded himself, even from the presence of Count Wiesnovitski to retrace, with feelings of deep mortification, the disappointments which had attended him since his accession to the throne of Russia.

In our progress towards the attainment of a desired object, though our hopes may frequently be depressed, our exertions for a time discouraged, by numerous and unexpected obstacles; still the final goal of these hopes is ever present to the mental view; still the prospect of future bliss, secures from the duration of present despondence; but when this goal is finally attained, and instead of the fairy fabric which shone in the distance, a tangled thicket presents itself to our view; when thorns alone appear, where roses seemed to bloom—when tempests threaten, where the smiling sky promised an eternal spring —then it is that the soul sickens in all

the bitterness of disappointment, abandons itself, to all the repinings of discontent.

Demetrius, in anticipating the moment when he should reign undisputed sovereign over the empire of his ancestors, dreamed not that in his subjects he should encounter the opposition of prejudice, or the murmurs of disapprobation, instead of the eagerness of coalition, or the acquiescence of gratitude. The genius of the Russian people seemed no longer the same as when he had beheld them amidst the hour of tumult and of danger, patient of privation, displaying qualities the most heroic, sacrificing their peace, risking their lives in the cause of their sovereign. Was this the nation, who now appeared a race of bigots, devoted to idle ceremonies, and regarding their infringement as the height of sacrilege? The metamorphosis was indeed a striking, but not an unaccountable one.

In scenes of terror, in periods of revolution, the great and powerful faculties of man are aroused. At the blast of the trumpet, the heroes of the human race, (those souls of fire and hearts of daring) start forth into action. Their superiority is felt, and is obeyed; the multitude catch their enthusiasm; unimagined faculties are displayed; unwonted energies exerted; habits are forgotten; superstition for a while reposes. But let these external excitements to exertion cease, and we behold mankind sinking again into their former uninteresting calm, returning to their past pursuits of pleasure, or routine of employment. The spirit of superstition again asserts her rights; again the force of habit re-assumes her empire; that very genius, which was relied on for support, or applied to for guidance, is now regarded as useless, or condemned as dangerous; its ascendency is no longer felt, therefore its existence is disputed; its protection is no longer required, therefore its necessity is denied. In fine,

amidst the hour of tumult, the moment of danger, the interval of dread—genius takes the lead; during the season of security and peace—mediocrity triumphs.

CHAP. IV.

"Yes! crowds will still believe, and priests will teach
As wand'ring fancy, and as interest lead,
Who would be great but to be happy too?
And yet such ideots are we to exchange
Our peace and pleasure for the trifle glory."

The Royal Convert.

DEMETRIUS, dissatisfied with others and ill at ease with himself, towards the close of day mounted his courser, and accompanied by a few attendants, rode rapidly through the streets of Moscow towards the palace of the Czarina. The Russians, who, according to custom, were assembled before their habitations, engaged in conversation, or calmly pursuing their grave and national game, gazed after him, as he passed with a velocity which almost defied the pursuit of vision.

"Oh, it was not thus," said an aged Russian, addressing the group beside

him, "it was not thus in the days of the Czar Ivan; *he* never appeared, unless attended by a grand and numerous retinue, and parading slowly through the streets, to receive the blessings of his subjects, as they were permitted to approach and to behold him."

"True," replied another citizen, "nor even during the reign of the late Czar were the venerable customs of our ancestors neglected, the sacrilegious catholics permitted by their presence to profane our holy temples, nor did the Czar himself refuse to bow before the hallowed cross, and neglect the antient habits of the sovereigns, to assume that of the Poles."

"What are trifles such as these," exclaimed a soldier, who had listened with indignation to the preceding speeches, "what are trifles such as these, to those who have seen the Czar as I have seen him in the hour of battle, rushing with the most fearless intrepidity, amidst the thick-

est squadrons of the enemy, and scattering terror and confusion through their ranks; yet cool and collected, forgetting not, in the courage of the soldier, the duties of the commander: then, when the victory was gained, when the day was our own, humane, merciful, and gentle, staying the arm of death, arresting the progress of destruction. Oh, he is indeed a hero! he is indeed the son of Ivan Vassilievitch!" This speech, made with the accent and energy of truth, produced a temporary change of feeling in the minds of its auditors, who now spoke of their Czar's noble mien, firm manner, and blooming countenance, the love he bore, and the respect he paid to the Czarina Feodorofna; and the clemency he had displayed towards the partisans of the Czar Boris.

Demetrius, meantime, unconscious either of censure or applause, reached the Czarina's palace, and pursued his way, as usual, to the apartment she commonly occupied. On entering it, he started with amazement, not unmixed with displeasure, at the scene he beheld.

The Czarina, pale and trembling, was seated on a couch; near her stood the Patriarch, in the habit of his order, who, with a grave and imposing aspect, appeared to be requesting her attention to some documents he was presenting to her examination. At a short distance was the fair Irene, whose eye was fixed on the Czarina's countenance, in eager expectation of the speech she was preparing to address to the Patriarch. At this moment the Czarina raised her eyes, and encountered the astonished gaze of her son, who had entered the apartment without being perceived by the assembled group, and had remained a silent spectator of their proceedings. The exclamation which burst from the lips of the Czarina, and the fixed gaze of her eye, induced the Patriarch and Irene to turn to the spot whither it was directed. The glances they instantly exchanged of surprise and alarm, were not unnoticed by Demetrius, who, now perceiving himself discovered, advanced with a calm and dignified aspect towards them. The Princess Irene im-

mediately retreated towards a distant spot in the apartment: the Patriarch endeavoured to conceal his confusion, by assuming an air of gravity and deliberation; while the Czarina, feeling reassured by the presence of her son, cast upon him a glance of welcome and affection. A pause of some length ensued. Demetrius was the first to interrupt the painful silence. "My Lord," said he, addressing the Patriarch, with an air of stern and keen enquiry, "what is the nature of these transactions which are thus carrying on without my sanction, or my knowledge? What means the alarm, which my presence has excited, and whence this unexpected visit from the Princess Irene to the Czarina Feodorofna?" His calm aspect, his penetrating eye, fixed with unrelenting gaze upon the countenance of the Patriarch, encreased his confusion. At length, after some hesitation, he replied, "Your Majesty must have perceived the zeal which, since your accession to the throne, has invariably influenced my conduct. In the morning council, the disapprobation with which

your purposed alliance with a Polish princess was received, excited my apprehension, and induced by regard for your honour and security, I was desirous"——

"To excite the fears of maternal tenderness," interrupted Demetrius, "and, through the influence of a beloved and respected parent, regulate the conduct of her son. My Lord, you do not comprehend the character of him who now addresses you, if you imagine he is ever weakly turned aside by vain alarms or futile objections from pursuing a conduct which honour dictates, and which reason sanctions. For you, Lady," continued he, advancing towards Irene, who at his approach ventured to raise her eyes towards him, "for you, Lady, whose presence here betrays at once your character, and your views, entertain not a moments hope of beholding me the victim of your ambitious expectations. Beauty, such as yours, might once, indeed, have held my heart in thrall; although my reason and my feelings had equally opposed the ho-

som's bondage: but now," and a smile of triumph played on his lips, "the remembrance of an angel has preserved me from the spells of a syren. *You* have no more to hope, nor *I* to fear."

The eye of Irene, during this speech, had gradually sunk beneath that of the Czar's; and now overwhelmed with confusion, yet glowing with resentment, she hastily advanced to the door of the apartment: the Patriarch followed her, and, addressing some expressions to Demetrius, declarative of regret for the scene which had passed, yet of loyalty and attachment to the Czar, *he* also retired from the apartment.

Demetrius approached the Czarina, and endeavoured to subdue the alarm which the representations of the Patriarch had excited. He assured her, that the objections alleged by the Russians against his union with a foreign princess, were those of prejudice, and not of reason; and that when once induced to perceive the

advantages which would result with an alliance with a powerful nation, they would feel as anxious for his union with his beloved Marina, as they were now averse to it. The Czarina endeavoured to believe the assertions of Demetrius, but her pale cheek and perturbed manner convinced him she still suffered from her recent agitation. Demetrius, remarking this with regret and apprehension, entreated her to retire to rest and endeavour to compose her agitated spirits, and subdue her unnecessary alarms.

From this period, the decision and determination displayed in the conduct of Demetrius, commanded the acquiescence, though it could not induce the approbation of his subjects. The preparations for the embassy were at length completed; and Count Wiesnovitski, many Polish nobles, and a few of the Russian Boyards, attended by a numerous and splendid train, departed from Moscow, for the first time, to demand for a Czar of Russia the hand of a Princess of Poland.

Demetrius having requested Count Wiesnovitski not to betray to Marina the reluctance with which his subjects had acquiesced in his wishes, himself addressed her in terms of the most glowing and rapturous expectation. He bade her, indeed, prepare to view a land less lovely, and a race less polished, than those she had been hitherto accustomed to behold. "But what influence," continued he, "will external circumstances have over a happiness which each will receive alone from the other, which would exist as entire in a cottage, as upon a throne, in a desart, as in a city?"

Count Wiesnovitski, before his departure, renewed his entreaties to the Czar, that he would endeavour to reconcile himself to some of the customs and prejudices of his subjects; or, at least, if he refused to accede to them himself, that he would cease the ineffectual and dangerous attempt of opposing them in others. "My subjects," replied Demetrius, "shall never find me the tyrant of their actions;

so neither shall they ever behold me the slave of their caprices."

Count Wiesnovitski perceived all expostulation was vain; but hoped that the gentle influence of Marina might produce *that*, which his advice had hitherto failed to effect,—some degree of respect for those prejudices which, though absurd and frivolous in themselves, were ennobled by the religious motive in which they originated.

Demetrius, after the departure of Count Wiesnovitski and his Polish companions, found himself in the midst of this Imperial city without one friend or counsellor, except Prince Vassili, whom he still regarded with esteem and respect. The Hetman Kosanka, after having returned to Moscow, successful from the warfare he had been engaged in, had requested permission to retire to his native territory, which, after bestowing on him considerable rewards and distinctions, Demetrius reluctantly permitted. The

Czar, who had been rendered suspicious of the Patriarch, as well as of the Princess Irene, avoided all communication with the former, except when the exercise of his public functions made it absolutely requisite; and wholly withdrew his society, though not his protection, from the family of Boris Godonof. This conduct still farther alienated the affections of his subjects, whose displeasure was however displayed rather by coldness and sullenness, than complaints or supplications.

At this period the Turks made an incursion into the Ukraine, and ravaged that fertile and populous district. The encreasing frequency of these inroads, suggested to Demetrius the advantages which would result from erecting fortifications on the boundaries of his empire; and strengthening the barriers which nature had already placed, between Russia and Turkey. The Czar had drawn out of Poland a number of mechanics and artisans, and still continued to attract others,

by the promises of high rewards, from the surrounding nations. He now proceeded to employ these in the erection of fortifications in the environs of Moscow, which were not merely intended for the purpose of defending the city, but were to serve as models for those to be erected on the confines of the Ukraine.

Prince Vassili entered into all the views of Demetrius with an enthusiasm, apparently equal to his own; he readily comprehended, and eagerly executed all his instructions respecting the completion of the works, with that quickness of perception, and promptitude of performance, which are at once gratifying and satisfactory.

Demetrius, anxious to instruct his Russian soldiers in the various manœuvres of attack and defence, exercised them in mock combats, and ever the most eager among the assailants, or the most determined among the defendants, his example encouraged, while his approbation re-

warded, their exertions. In these scenes, the affability of Demetrius, the influence of his commanding, firm, and dignified countenance, insensibly created an attachment in the breasts of the soldiery. *Here* there was no opposition of feeling or prejudice; all were agreed in opinion, all were united in action. Prince Vassili beheld this change with secret dissatisfaction. Aware of the horrour which the Czar's neglect of some of the most sacred and long-established customs of his ancestors had created in the minds of his subjects, he determined, by placing this neglect in a striking point of view, to prevent the increasing popularity of Demetrius among his army.

Prince Vassili was one in whose heart the better feelings of his nature had long been quelled, amidst the stormy passions of ambition, hatred, and revenge; all stimulated him to attempt the destruction of Demetrius, and he had never yet feared to execute, what he had dared to purpose. He had attentively studied, and now per-

fectly comprehended the character of the Czar. He had discovered, with satisfaction, his little acquaintance with human nature; and rejoiced at beholding his frequent and unavailing attempts to eradicate those local and religious prejudices from the minds of his subjects, without which society would scarcely retain an existence; which are as often the sources of the most heroic, as of the most debasing actions; and on whose direction, rather than on whose nature, depends whether their effects be pernicious or beneficial. Prince Vassili felt likewise the infinite advantage which the unsuspicious nature of the Czar gave him in his attempts to render him unpleasing to his subjects; and he availed himself, without compunction, of the unguarded, yet generous, reliance placed in him by his sovereign.

The fortifications, which had been erected near the city, were to be stormed by Demetrius, and defended by Prince Vassili. Previous to the day appointed

for this mock combat, the Prince secretly commanded the erection of a cross on an eminence sufficiently conspicuous, to attract the attention of his soldiers. When Demetrius was conducting his party to the assault, and encouraging them with his voice and gestures to attack the defending troops, he was surprised at beholding the whole band in the attitude of devotion, bowing and crossing themselves with the utmost solemnity. The unexpected effect of this scene excited the amusement, and called forth the raillery of Demetrius. His troops expressed their horrour at the irreverent manner in which he addressed them, and refused to obey his commands of advancing to the assault. The Czar, extremely irritated, threatened to chastise them, if they persisted in their refusal; and, after a time, they reluctantly commenced the attack; but their former energy had vanished; and Demetrius found himself conducting a set of machines, whose actions it was indeed in his power to direct, but whose minds he was not enabled to influence or inspire.

The Czar's sacrilegious disregard of the cross was soon circulated throughout all ranks, and excited universal alarm and reprehension. The return of the embassy from Poland, accompanied by the Princess of Sendomir, now diverted the thoughts of the Russians,—but diverted them only to another source of discontent.

Irritation, regret, disappointment, every painful retrospect, or gloomy anticipation, were banished from the mind of Demetrius at the certainty of Marina's approach. His extreme anxiety to behold and welcome her induced him to advance towards the frontiers, in order to conduct her himself to Moscow. Mounted on his fiery and favourite steed, whose spirit seemed, like his master's, too etherial for a being of earth, he departed from Moscow, and advanced towards the town of Alexin, through which the embassy was to pass. On his entrance, the numerous and splendid crowd which thronged the streets, the sound of bells, and

the trampling of steeds, proclaimed it already arrived. Demetrius galloping through the streets, advanced to the palace where the embassy was accommodated, hastily dismounted, and commanded to be conducted to the apartment occupied by the Princess of Sendomir. He entered it, and beheld Marina; he rushed forward, and flung himself at her feet. She arose from the couch on which she was seated, and resting for support in his extended arms, endeavoured to conceal the excess of her agitation, which yet her trembling frame, her faltering voice betrayed.

"My Marina! we are then met, and met to part no more!" exclaimed Demetrius, "Oh! how does this moment of bliss repay me for all my doubts, my disappointments!—

"For all your dangers and your suffering?" demanded Marina, with a glance which shewed him how deeply she had felt the first, and participated in the last. The feelings of Demetrius, during the en-

suing interview, were full of hope and exultation; those of Marina were more subdued, but more tender; *she* recalled his past sufferings; *he* dwelt on his future happiness; *his* bosom throbbed with love and rapture; *her's* with love indeed, but love—softened by undefinable emotions of timidity and apprehension. Even the alteration which had taken place in the person of Demetrius, since she had last beheld him, excited a slight sensation of awe, and of restraint. His former brilliant bloom was exchanged for the warriour's sun-burnt hue; his stature, though not impaired in grace, was more lofty, more commanding; and the conflicts of mind, the struggles of feeling he had endured, had impressed some deeper traces of thought upon his brow. A single glance made Marina sensible of this change; but soon, his well-remembered smile, his pleasure beaming eye, his soft impressive accents, shewed him again the Demetrius of former days. The Czar beheld little alteration in the person of Marina; but her air and manner were more timid and less unconstrained than

formerly. Demetrius sought to dissipate the feelings which had given birth to this change, by relating some of the various events which had occurred since their separation; and the perception of external circumstance and present time was alike forgotten in the delightful intercourse which succeeded, when the titles of Czar of Russia, and Princess of Sendomir, were no longer remembered in the dearer and more heartfelt appellations of Demetrius and Marina.

CHAP. V.

"This is some fellow
Who having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature; he cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
And they will take it so: if not, he's plain."

King Lear.

ALL nature seemed to harmonize with the feelings of Demetrius and Marina, as they pursued their journey from Alexin to the Imperial city. When they reached the extensive plain which the Czar had before crossed upon his first entrance into Moscow, his pleasurable emotions received a sudden check, from an apprehension that the reception his subjects might *now* give him, would offer a painful contrast to *that* which they had then bestowed. He was humbled at the idea of attaching an importance to the united plaudits of hose whom, individually, he despised or disregarded; yet he felt that to behold his

beloved Marina received with apathy, or regarded with disapprobation by his subjects, would, notwithstanding his conviction of the futility, either of their applause or censure, prove inexpressibly painful to his feelings; and he anxiously hoped, though he secretly doubted, that her reception might be such as would impress her with a favourable opinion of the people over whom she was destined to reign.

A custom, long established both amongst the Poles and Russians, prescribed the interval of a month, between the public demand of a female in marriage, and the solemnization of her nuptials. As this period was not yet expired, Demetrius had prepared a temporary, though splendid, habitation for the Princess, in the environs of Moscow. As the train passed through the spacious squares and streets of the city, the fears of Demetrius were indeed verified: no shout of gratulation arose; no sound of "Long life to Demetrius," now re echo-

ed around. The palaces of the nobility seemed purposely deserted, while the dwellings of the inferiour orders, here and there, exhibited a few citizens, whom curiosity, rather, than respect had attracted. The eye of Demetrius flashed with indignation, as it glanced over the sullen and silent spectators. When they reached the Imperial palace, the cry of long live Demetrius!" proceeded from the guards and attendants stationed around the entrance; and from thence to the approach of the habitation destined for the reception of the Princess, the air re-echoed with the exclamations of "Long life to the Czar of Russia!—welcome to the Princess of Sendomir!"—but these sounds proceeded not from the Russian citizens, but the Polish soldiers—those brave and faithful Poles, who had shared in the dangers of Demetrius, who had remained to witness his glory, and who now hailed, with unfeigned satisfaction, the arrival of a Polish Princess, about to join her destiny with him they so dearly loved, and highly honoured. As the

Czar and Princess descended from the carriage, Demetrius, turning to the Poles by whom it was surrounded, said, in an elevated tone, his countenance glowing with varying and contending emotions,

"Thanks, generous and noble people! for the expression of regard you have testified towards myself, and the animated reception you have bestowed on the Princess of Sendomir. It is doubly prized, as it is strongly contrasted with the cold and ungracious conduct of my native subjects."

The imprudence and singularity of this address escaped the notice of Marina. Wholly engrossed by her own reflections, she had, since her entrance into the city, neither regarded the perturbed air and unwonted silence of Demetrius, or the sullen stillness of the people; their uncouth garbs and strange gestures created a painful emotion, by reminding her that she was in a foreign land; but she recollected that this land was that of Demetrius; and

the sigh of patriotism was exchanged for the smile of love. When the exclamations of the Poles however attracted her attention, when she beheld the eagerness with which they pressed to greet and to behold her, the full tide of affection for her native country poured again upon her heart, and, with tearful eyes and glowing cheeks, she gracefully expressed her thanks, as Demetrius conducted her towards her intended habitation.

The Czar felt convinced that the Russian Boyards, although at present prejudiced against this union with a foreign Princess, would feel all opposition of sentiment and of opinion vanish, when once acquainted with the personal charms and mental graces of Marina. Anxious, therefore, to introduce the Russian nobility of both sexes, to his intended bride, he determined to celebrate her arrival by a splendid fete given in her palace gardens, which were of considerable extent. They were, on this occasion, brilliantly illuminated by coloured lamps, attached

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in various and fantastic forms, to the spreading and graceful branches of the trees, with which they abounded. These were reflected in the waters of the Mosca which flowed through this quarter of the city. The whole scene was brilliant and animated; the long robes of the Russians, sparkling with gold and jewels; the equally magnificent, and more graceful mantle of the Poles, flashing amidst the foliage, receiving, and at the same time reflecting, the lustre of the lamps; the full harmonious concert, which proceeded from a band concealed amidst the groves; the soft and balmy influence of the evening breezes; all seemed calculated to inspire mirth and harmony, to banish care and discord from the heart. But man gives to, not receives the colour of his mind from, external objects. The appearance both of the Czar and Princess, in the Polish costume—the presence of the nobility of this favoured nation—the occasion of the fete itself, conspired to spread the gloom of discontent over the countenances of the Russians; although the

Princess, when they were presented to her, received them with even more than her accustomed grace and courtesy; and Demetrius mingled in the conversation with that spirit and vivacity which had formerly diffused animation and pleasure throughout the more polished circles of Cracow.

No intercourse, perhaps, is so difficult to maintain, or productive of so much reciprocal uneasiness, as that between a cultivated and an uncultivated understanding. In the discussion of local subjects, the distinction between them is not so visible; but when forced from the protecting topics of character and events; mind encounters mind in the open field of sentiment and opinion; then it is that the superiority of natural talent or acquired knowledge is mutually and painfully perceived. Demetrius and Marina soon became sensible of this, when conversing with the Russian Boyards; the vacant eye or astonished gaze, with which they noticed a literary allusion, a flash of the im-

agination, an observation of the reason, excited an emotion of contempt in the breast of the Czar, and in that of the Princess, a mingled sentiment of wonder and regret. They were neither aware that the Russians indulged a peculiar species of gratification in thus displaying their ignorance. Superiour attainments or superiour abilities, are often regarded with a strange mixture of real envy and affected contempt. Ignorance, when aware that it cannot escape detection proclaims itself with an air of defiance rather than of humility, and endeavours to insinuate the inutility of that knowledge, whose very existence is a tacit reproach on its own. Thus the Russians, equally detesting the innovations Demetrius had made in their customs, and the refinements he had introduced into his court, availed themselves of every opportunity, to express these sentiments. Prince Vassili, who was present at this scene, endeavoured to introduce a topic, which he was aware was particularly calculated to call forth this dissimilarity of opinion. This was the

late incursion of the Turks into the Ukraine, the possible conquest of their empire, and consequent annexion to that of Russia.

The idea of rescuing Greece from the dominion of barbarians had, since his accession to the throne, been the favourite project of Demetrius; and he rejoiced at hearing a scheme which he had so often secretly meditated now publickly suggested.

"Yes!" he exclaimed, with his natural enthusiasm, "we will visit this proud and potent nation; we will deprive her of her works of art, the treasures of fallen Greece; we will transport them to Russia; my people will soon be as renowned for talents as for valour; my court will soon become the asylum of the arts, and the temple of the muses."

'Greece," rejoined Count Wiesnovitski, who was not aware that his assertion was likely to excite indignation or pro-

voke opposition, "has ever been fertile in genius: painting, sculpture, architecture, at once simple and grand, literature and poetry, all have flourished in Greece. This is indeed a conquest which would shed a lustre over your reign."

The ancient General Sergorof, who had early espoused the cause of Demetrius, and whose courage and military talents were only equalled by his ignorance and bigotry, having attended with sullen contempt to sentiments so uncongenial with his own, now said:

"And what beneficial effects is this genius, so much coveted and admired, capable of producing?"

"What effect is it capable of producing, my Lord?" said Demetrius, "it softens the character of man; it exalts that of woman; it gives a grace to virtue, and a charm to wisdom; it aids the ardour of the combatant; but checks the sword of the conqueror."—Demetrius suddenly

paused; for he recollected the character of him whom he was addressing, and the want of sympathy which, in the concluding sentiment, had always existed between them.—The Marshal remarking his hesitation, but not aware of its cause, replied,

"That it softens the character of man, and exalts that of woman, I can readily believe; for it teaches one sex to shrink from their duties, the other to despise them; to neglect the distaff, or throw away the sword. It may perhaps befit the idle and luxuriant natives of more southern climes to dream away their lives in useless pursuits and visionary raptures; but it would equally unfit our hardy warriours for their noble employ, or our women for their moral and domestic duties."

The Princess had attended to the preceding conversation, and the slight feeling of timidity and embarrassment, which had hitherto rendered her more silent than usual, vanished before the surprise and

indignation such a speech was calculated to produce.

"Would heaven," said she, "have bestowed a soul panting after intellectual and moral improvement, and then command the last alone to be aspired to, the former neglected? Reason enjoins the cultivation of both; the exercise of the understanding exalts and purifies the affections; the cultivation of the moral feelings softens the stronger qualities of the intellect. What matters then the rank, or sex, or nation! All are alike spirits from heaven; all are alike destined for immortality. But you know not that genius you would restrain; it is the impetuous torrent that overwhelms each obstacle in its progress; it is the rapid conflagration that consumes whatever dares oppose its course;—for that universal and impulsive desire after happiness, which alike inspires the actions of the warriour as the woman, the tyrant as the slave, the learned as the ignorant, by exciting genius to the exercise of its powers, is at once

its strongest stimulus and its dearest reward."

She ceased,—but no voice interrupted the pause which succeeded: all gazed in silence on her beautiful figure, which seemed inspired by the genius she had been describing: her dark tresses floating over her shoulders, her half open lips, her glowing cheeks, her eyes radiant with the fires of enthusiasm, her graceful form which seemed prepared to spring from earth, all conspired to give her the air of a creature of the imagination, rather than a being of reality.

The nobles gazed on her with surprise and admiration, inclined to pardon the enthusiastic sentiments she had uttered, for the sake of the lips which expressed them. The ladies viewed her with curiosity and astonishment, anxious to discover by what magic she could thus encrease the lustre of her charms, and to remark and imitate the beauty of her air

and action: but Demetrius alone felt the force of the sentiments she had uttered; they touched his heart; they fired his soul; they kindled his imagination; for in him alone they met with kindred enthusiasm.

The Marshal Sergorof, apparently cool and callous, but in reality irritated at the sensation Marina's speech had produced, bluntly observed,

"Your highness must not expect me to answer a speech I do not understand; for in truth, such sentiments appear to me more like the language of romance than of reason."

"Ill-mannered Lord!" exclaimed Demetrius, his eye kindling with indignation, "is it thus you presume to address?—"

"I entreat your forbearance," interrupted the Princess, laying her hand on his arm to detain him, as he proudly

stepped forward to Sergorof.—He instantly paused, and continued gazing on her as she proceeded: "I have justly incurred the charge which the Marshal alleges against me; the language of enthusiasm always appears like that of romance to those not inspired with kindred ardour. I have no right therefore to feel displeasure at his opinion, although a sentiment of courtesy might perhaps have softened its expression."

"An old warriour," said Sergorof, "is ill-versed in the language which becomes a modern court. Your highness must pardon my bluntness, in consideration of my sincerity."

He quitted them, as he concluded this sentence; and Marina, remarking the still contracted brow and stern glance of Demetrius, implored him to command his feelings and subdue his resentment. Count Wiesnovitski joined in this request. "A mind," said he, "that is warped by pre-

judice is as much in a delusion as a man who sees objects through a mist, without being sensible of it. Till convinced of his errour, all reasoning is vain, and *to* convince, no reasoning proves effectual. It is a species of partial derangement, to which we are all in some degree liable, and should be regarded with compassion, rather than resentment."

Demetrius, though he complied with the wishes of the Princess, and the advice of his friend, in not resenting the Marshal's address, could not easily repress the feelings it had excited; and a cloud hung on his brow during the remainder of the evening. In vain the Princess, with unrivalled sweetness, endeavoured to soothe the froward humour of the nobles: in vain Count Wiesnovitski, with his gay and sportive railery, sought to reconcile the Russians to his countrymen. All was gloomy, cheerless, and unsocial. At an early hour, the Russians retired to their respective

habitations; and Demetrius, scarcely daring to cast a glance at the countenance of the Princess, bade her farewell; and, accompanied by Count Wiesnovitski, retired to his palace.

CHAP. VI.

"I muse my mother
Does not approve me further.
Would you have me
False to my nature? rather say, I play
The man I am."

Coriolanus.

DEMETRIUS, restless and perturbed, possessing a secret consciousness which he unwillingly admitted even to himself, that his own conduct had tended to alienate the affection of his subjects; and, irritated at the value he felt compelled to attach to this affection, at an early hour quitted his couch, and repaired to those gardens which had on the preceding night exhibited a scene—of splendour indeed, but not of gaiety. The trees were now divested of their artificial ornaments, and the breezes of morn conveyed the fragrance of the flowers to his senses. The beauty of the scene, however, passed unregarded; for Marina, advancing from

among the trees, alone attracted his attention. He hastily approached her: his countenance was disturbed, and his manner abrupt: he appeared as if desirous of addressing her on some subject of importance; but, suddenly pausing, made some indifferent remark, or some unimportant demand.

"Marina," he abruptly said, "if I am not mistaken, this scene, in simple decorations of nature, possesses greater attractions for you, than when adorned with all the splendour of art."

"Undoubtedly," she replied, "art may, indeed, inflame the imagination; but, whether the object be animate or inanimate, it is nature alone that touches the heart.

"True, most true," rejoined Demetrius, "but what then can be urged in favour of a land and of a nation which possess neither the simplicity of nature, or the refinements of art? Oh, Marina! if

my lot be cast amidst a race like this, by what right is it that I have invited you to share it with me?"

This was the first moment that Demetrius had betrayed to Marina the dissatisfaction with which he had beheld the character of his subjects, or the disappointment which had attended even the fulfilment of his once sanguine hopes. She gazed with an emotion of deep regret upon the saddened expression of his countenance, and replied with a look and voice of the utmost tenderness.

"By what right do you invite me to share your destiny? By a right more sacred than any which attaches yourself to it; the right of unchangeable regard, of reciprocal affection. Ah, Demetrius! whatever had been your destiny, that destiny would have been shared with joy, with triumph, by Marina."

The eye of Demetrius again beamed with delight, as he expressed his grateful sense of this sweet and dear avowal.

"Let us indulge a hope," rejoined the Princess, "that your example, and the gradual influence of a union with the Poles, will insensibly soften the manners, and subdue the prejudices of your subjects. The noble qualities of courage, of magnanimity, of loyalty, you have already proved them to possess; the progress of civilization will subjoin the refinements of taste, and the sympathies of feeling:—the mountain's rough sides will be invested with verdure and flowers, nor will its strength, though concealed, be impaired by the adornment.

"Your sweet and gentle influence, my beloved," rejoined Demetrius, "may, indeed, effect what my imprudent endeavours have hitherto failed to produce. Hasten then the approach of that moment, when, as the Czarina of Russia, its people may behold you with respect, as well as admiration."

"You plead the cause of your subjects with fervour," replied Marina with a

smile and a blush, but an "infringement of their customs would not, methinks, be likely to prove an excitement of their respect."

Demetrius, however, renewed his entreaties, but, finding Marina firm in her refusal, and secretly conscious of its propriety, at length desisted from urging them, and proposed conducting her to the abode of the Czarina Feodorofna. Marina consented, and the Czar and Princess together departed from Moscow.

The Czarina had at first regarded the Princess of Sendomir with less cordiality, than she would have experienced towards her, had she not been taught to apprehend, from the insinuations of the Patriarch, that the establishment of a Polish Princess on the throne of Russia, would prove fatal to the popularity and interests of Demetrius. The sweetness of Marina's manner, the mingled respect and affection displayed in her attentions, soon destroyed this transient impression, and

the Czarina learned to behold her arrival with satisfaction, and her departure with regret.

Demetrius and Marina, when they entered the Czarina's apartment, beheld her pale and agitated. She held in her hand a letter, on which her gaze was so intently fixed, that she perceived not the entrance of the Czar and Princess till the former advanced towards her.

"My dearest mother!" he exclaimed, "what mean these tears, this agitation?"

She raised her eyes towards him, and was preparing to reply; but beholding Marina, she suddenly paused, and silently presented to him the letter, gazing anxiously upon his countenance during his perusal of it. His glance of curiosity and eagerness, was soon converted into one of indignation and contempt.

"Perish the infamous scroll!" he exclaimed, rending the paper into a thou-

sand atoms, "perish all that thus attempt to influence my conduct, through the medium of my mother's fears!"

Marina gazed alternately on the Czarina and Demetrius, with alarmed and enquiring glances. She perceived that some dreadful mystery was concealed within that fatal letter; and she longed, yet feared, to be made acquainted with its contents.

"My mother, I entreat, I implore your silence," said Demetrius, in extreme agitation, perceiving that the Czarina was on the point of addressing the Princess. "Yes, Demetrius," said the Czarina, with an air as if the effort was a painful one, "yes, I will comply with your wishes, but it must be, my son, only in consideration that you will attend to mine. I entreat you, as you value the preservation of your throne, the peace of your mother, to comply with the desires of your subjects."

"Is it my mother who makes such a

request?" said Demetrius in a tone of reproach, "is it my mother, who urges me to desert my own dignity, to disgrace that of my ancestors, to prove myself unworthy of that blood which flows in my veins?"

"Is it to prove yourself unworthy," asked the Czarina, "to sacrifice your own inclinations to the welfare of your subjects?"

"Not to their welfare, Madam," rejoined Demetrius, in a tone of less tenderness than he had ever yet addressed to his mother, "not to their welfare,—to their caprice, to their prejudice, must my happiness, my honour be forever entombed. But, no!" he exclaimed, while indignation flashed from his eye, since my clemency has failed of success, my former conduct been held in contempt, my subjects have now to learn the real character of him they would thus unworthily controul."

The Czarina and Princess (although the one was ignorant, and the other too well informed of its cause) were mutually alarmed at the frightful agitation which pervaded the whole frame of Demetrius. The Princess, forgetful of her own feelings, sought alone to soothe and to restore him to composure. She entreated him not to proceed in any act, without consulting his friend Count Wiesnovitski, from whom he might at once receive both council and assistance: she at length succeeded in restoring him to a greater appearance of tranquillity. He approached the still weeping Czarina.

"My mother," he said, "forgive the vehemence with which I have expressed myself; but on *this* subject, even the wishes of a parent must prove ineffectual: in all else they shall for ever be obeyed. Rest assured, that I will yet attempt to subdue, before I openly oppose, the prejudices of my subjects. Farewell, my mother," said he; taking her hand, and raising it respectfully to his lips, "farewell;

it is the first time I have had occasion to demand forgiveness of my mother, and I feel that it will not be denied.

The Czarina, with a pensive smile, assured him it was accorded; and Demetrius, after making her a promise that he would return in the course of a few hours, proposed re-conducting the Princess to Moscow. She consented, and, without expressing the anxiety she felt to be made acquainted with a mystery he appeared so anxious to conceal from her knowledge, embraced the Czarina, and quitted her in mournful silence. The same silence was mutually preserved during their return to Moscow. A thousand vague apprehensions floated across the mind of Marina; and wholly absorbed in her own reflections, she had almost forgotten the presence of Demetrius, and started when he addressed her.

"Marina!" he abruptly said, "you this morning assured me, that whatever destiny had been mine, [*that* destiny would

have been shared by yourself. Repeat that sweet assurance, my beloved! I have need of some consolation to prepare me for the rugged scenes I am about to encounter."

He uttered these words in a voice so soft, so dejected, so changed from the loud indignant tones which had escaped him, during the late interview, that Marina, struck with the alteration, gazed on him with mingled emotions of surprise and tenderness, and was preparing to repeat the assurance she had before given him, when a loud tumult, which appeared to proceed from the city, attracted their attention. An immense and mingled multitude, rapidly advancing towards them, and soon completely surrounding the carriage, impeded its further progress. At first the exclamations they uttered were tumultuous, but indistinct; but soon the sounds of, "No Catholic Czarina, no foreign favourites! let the Princess Irene be our sovereign!" re-echoed around, while gleaming sabres and brandished

staves seemed to threaten them with instant destruction.

The soul of Marina sickened at the reiterated sounds. This then was the fatal mystery Demetrius had feared to reveal; she then was the cause of danger to him; the object of hatred to his subjects! She sunk back in the carriage; while Demetrius, rapidly descending from it, advanced into the midst of the multitude, with an intrepidity which created a mixture of astonishment and awe; for such was the terrour of his eye; such the commanding influence of his proud form, which seemed to rise in stature, as he gazed with silent, but fiery, indignation on the multitude around, that, lowering their before elevated sabres, they shrunk from his powerful and scrutinizing gaze; and endeavoured to regain, by glancing at the countenances of each other, that resolution which their own hearts denied them.

It is not the dream of the imagination,

or the invention of the poet, that wonderful influence, that proud distinction, which genius gives to man; it is a larger portion, a brighter ray of the Divinity, infused into some human forms, breathing in the numbers of the poet, commanding in the voice of the legislator, thundering in the deeds of the hero, bidding mortals bow before their fellow-mortals. A certain internal consciousness of its possession, gave to Demetrius that calm and undaunted aspect, amidst the dangers which surrounded him; while its influence, felt though not understood by the multitude around, arrested the force of their arms, and enchained the expression of their rage.

Demetrius perceived their confusion, and hastened to avail himself of it.

"Citizens of Moscow, subjects of Russia!" he exclaimed in a voice which broke upon the air, like a sudden burst of subterranean thunder, "What means this daring conduct, these seditious exclama-

tions? By what authority is it, that subjects thus dare dictate to their sovereign? Learn, that while he reigns, he reigns in *deed*, and not in *name*, a freeborn monarch, not a trembling tyrant."

He paused;—but the silence which succeeded remained unbroken. Shame seemed to withhold the multitude from retreating, fear from advancing.

"Retire," resumed the Czar, "retire, deluded and misguided men! from this spot which your conduct has disgraced, and in your present obedience, let me behold the assurance of your future loyalty."

The people yet hesitated,—again they gazed around as if to discover from amongst them some adventurous spirit, who might defend their rights, and direct their conduct; but none appeared, who dared to oppose the commands and encounter the indignation of their Czar. Demetrius reiterated his commands for

them to retire; they at length silently obeyed; and, like snow dissolving before the sunbeam, they gradually disappeared before the fixed, though now relenting gaze of his eye.

When Demetrius had beheld them depart, he re-ascended the carriage, and commanded it to proceed; in their approach to the habitation of the Princess they met the Polish soldiers, commanded by Count Wiesnovitski, who, having learnt the intelligence of the tumult, had hastened to the rescue of the Czar, and expressed equal surprise and satisfaction at beholding both the Princess and himself in perfect safety. Demetrius briefly explaining to the Count the circumstances of the late tumult, and expressing his gratitude to the Poles for the zeal they had displayed in thus hastening to his aid, requested them to surround and guard the palace of the Princess, whom he now conducted to her apartment, when it was with much alarm, that he beheld the impression the late scene had made on her. Her eyes

were rayless, her cheeks pale, and an air not merely of sadness, but of despair, seemed diffused over her countenance. Demetrius endeavoured to soothe and re-assure her; tears stole down her cheeks, which at first he attempted not to check, aware that her feelings might be relieved by their indulgence; finding, however, that her grief appeared rather to increase than to abate, he at length said, "Increase not, Marina, I emplore you, increase not, by this dreadful anguish, the sufferings I already endure from the reproaches of my own heart. Yes! I have erred,—greatly, fatally erred,— in not having informed you, before I invited you to abandon your own smiling and peaceful land, of the character of that race you were about to encounter, of the peculiar circumstances——."

He paused abruptly, arose, and paced the room with rapid steps.

"At present," said Marina, in a low and trembling voice, "at present, all concealment is in vain. I know what I have

to apprehend, the Princess Irene is destined"—To share your throne—she would have said, but she could not give language to an idea so dreadful; and a more deadly paleness overspread her features, as her eyes, fixed on Demetrius, seemed to command an acquiescence or denial of the implied question.

"The Princess Irene, destined to supply the place of Marina!" exclaimed Demetrius, his whole form dilating with the indignation which swelled his breast, "destined!—and by whom destined? by those subjects who have vowed allegiance to my will; by those subjects who, free to select the objects of their love, would yet deny that freedom to their Czar. I thank you for having reminded me of a presumption which I will not long delay to punish."

He advanced hastily towards the door of the apartment. Marina inexpressibly alarmed, endeavoured to detain him.

"Demetrius," she said, "I implore you, by that regard you attach to my present peace, my future happiness, to forego your intention. Think, oh, think! if the hatred of your people be already excited against me, how dreadfully it will be increased by your resentment of it!"

"Hatred of thee!" exclaimed Demetrius, as he gazed upon her soft and pleading looks, her beautiful figure, as her gentle accents still dwelt upon his ear, and he felt as if love alone could be inspired by such a being. At this moment Count Wiesnovitski entered the apartment. He came for the purpose of desiring the Czar to assemble his council, in order to revoke some late edicts, which had in effect been the original incitement of the popular discontent; but having been erroneously or malignantly attributed to the Poles, had given a different direction to their indignation, and occasioned the late tumult, which the Count asserted, though for the time suppressed, required but a breath to revive in all its violence.

"Never," replied Demetrius, "can I comply with your request. Concessions made through fear excite contempt, instead of inspiring gratitude."

"Too long," rejoined Count Wiesnovitski in a grave and determined tone, "too long have I delayed reminding the Czar of Russia, of the voluntary promise made by the Prince Demetrius, that the friend of his heart should ever be the counsellor of his reason. Recollect, that no ambitious hopes mislead, no enthusiasm dazzles, no prejudice intercepts my present views: I comprehend, I respect, and I admire the enlightened plans you have conceived for the welfare of your people; but those plans are adapted to beings of higher faculties and clearer discrimination, than man, in a collective state, has ever yet possessed. You wish your subjects to be influenced by reason, not guided by prejudice; but how impossible is it to realize such a wish! Present truth before their eyes; they will yet behold it through the medium of passion and of prejudice."

Perceiving that Demetrius listened to him with patience, the Count proceeded, "Resigning for the present all attempts to *convince*, let me endeavour to *persuade;* let me awaken your feelings. Behold the sufferings of her who is dear to you as your own existence: it remains with yourself to increase or to alleviate these sufferings, by appeasing the popular discontent, or braving its fury."

Marina now joined her entreaties to those of the count, and Demetrius at length departed, rather persuaded by their wishes, than convinced by their arguments, to convoke the Russian nobility, and endeavour to appease those grievances of which the people complained.

Marina, when alone, felt in all its extent the horrors of her situation. Removed from her native land, from her affectionate friends, from her tender parent, surrounded by those who wished her destruction, the cause of popular odium to her beloved Demetrius!—She shuddered

at each painful retrospect. A high-wrought state of feeling, a tension of the mind, were particularly oppressive to her gay and gentle nature. Some characters, possessing a certain capacity of resisting the attacks of misfortune, assume with comparative ease a military attitude of mind; and the self-applause attending this conscious fortitude, in some degree, lessons the poignancy of their sufferings. But Marina felt not this resource from the sorrows which assailed her. From infancy idolized by her parent, beloved by all who surrounded her, accustomed only to repose beneath the shades of content, or smile amidst the bowers of mirth, how new and how painful was the conflict of opposing feelings, which now struggled in her breast! To secure the happiness of Demetrius at every hazard, at every sacrifice, was the only determination which retained permanent possession of her mind. Every other thought was undefined, every other resolution fluctuating. Sometimes the idea of withdrawing se-

cretly from Russia, that Demetrius might comply with the wishes of his subjects, and espouse the Princess Irene, presented itself to her imagination; but the dreadful pang, the shuddering sensation, which accompanied its suggestion, seemed to forbid the possibility of its execution. Surely, such a sacrifice would never be required from her! No, by gentler means tranquillity might yet be restored! She might yet be blest in the happiness of Demetrius, and in the love of his people! A transitory calm succeeded the first tumult of her feelings; one of those delusive calms which, in the midst of impending dangers, the heart creates, even in opposition to the reason. This is never so powerfully experienced as when the misfortune which menaces us so immense, that we feel the utter annihilation of our happiness would attend it. It appears impossible that the God of goodness could have created, only to plunge us into irremediable misery; that he should have held out to us a view of happiness, only

to exclude it forever from our prospect. It *is* impossible, we fondly and fervently repeat, while our terrours are lulled for awhile into strange and transitory confidence.

CHAP. VII.

"His nature is too noble for the world.
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder: his heart's his mouth.
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent,
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death."

Coriolanus.

"Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good sometimes
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence;
To say, I *have done no harm?*"

Macbeth.

DEMETRIUS having convened the nobles, now assembled in Moscow, demanded from them the cause of the popular discontent, as he could not redress the grievances complained of, unless acquainted with their nature. Some inconveniences resulting from his late decrees were enumerated, which he consented to remedy. Other objects of more importance

were then discussed; and Count Wiesnovitski beheld with alarm, Prince Vassili, with satisfaction, and the Russians, with indignation, the half-contemptuous smile with which Demetrius attended the trivial objections, the unmeaning remarks of the nobles, and the decided tone with which he replied to, or obviated them.

It is difficult, most difficult, for a haughty spirit to bend to the will of an inferiour;—for a mind of higher power to reduce its conceptions to the comprehension of mediocrity;—for a giant to accommodate himself to the space of a dwarf. Notwithstanding the late advice of his friends, Demetrius found it impossible to conceal his indignation, when he heard those plans which he had devised, those regulations which he had introduced, regarded as useless, or condemned as sacrilegious; to suppress the irritation with which he encountered, not the dispassionate remonstrances of reason, but the clamorous expostulations of prejudice. All attempt to convince appeared vain,

and Demetrius was in danger of being induced to command. The Czar's genius, though insensibly felt, was neither fully comprehended, or universally admitted, by his subjects. An inferiour mind can, in fact, never acquire a just estimate of one superiour; either overwhelmed by a blind species of admiration, it submits implicitly to its guidance, or vainly seeking to comprehend, attempts to scan and depreciate that intellect which it cannot grasp. It is probable, that had Demetrius immediately succeeded to the throne of his ancestors, the former feeling alone would have been experienced towards him by his subjects;—habitual reverence for his person would have excited habitual respect for his understanding. But now, when the Russians recalled the period when this Czar, all sovereign in his commands, all haughty in his deportment, had been regarded as a pretender merely to that throne he at present possessed: when the moment was remembered that his rights had been doubted, his claims disputed, not merely by

others, but themselves; forgetting the strong evidence in favour of those rights, the subsequent acknowledgment of those claims, by that strange fluctuation of opinion to which mankind are liable, whose judgments are indeed generally determined rather by feeling, than reason, they now began to doubt the imperial lineage of him they had so lately saluted as their Czar. "Can he be the son of Ivan, who diviates from all his practices? Can he be descended from the ancient sovereigns of his country, who displays such a contempt for its usages?" These dangerous questions were whispered around and propagated by Prince Vassili and his adherents.

Demetrius, however, wholly unconscious of them, undaunted, unappalled, pursued his career; and when some Boyards dared again to intimate their disapprobation of his union with the Princess of Sendomir, scarcely deigned to afford them a reply, he prepared to quit the hall of council. In vain Count Wiesnovitski

sought to retain him, or conciliate the Russians. His firm yet gentle manner, the patience with which he encountered errour, the perseverance with which he endeavoured to remove it, would, in any other than himself, have produced the effect he desired. But he was a native of Poland, he was also the friend, the favourite of Demetrius; and either of these causes would have rendered them insensible to his reasons or his merits. The assembly separated with mutual dissatisfaction. The murmurs of the people were, however, for a time appeased by the Czar's revocation of those edicts which had been particularly odious to them.

Prince Vassili had absented himself from Moscow for some days, and, notwithstanding a summons from Demetrius to return to it, had excused himself from obeying the commands of his sovereign, under the pretence of indisposition. Several of the Boyards also retired to their lands in the respective provinces; thus silently expressing their disapprobation of

the Czar's conduct and intended alliance. Demetrius, who had now been rendered suspicious of his subjects, placed a guard of Poles about his own person, as well as that of the Princess, and dispatched a messenger to the Hetman Kosanka, commanding him to conduct his faithful troops to the capital.

After taking these precautions, the Czar repaired to the palace of the Princess; the gay and animated aspect he assumed, might have deceived Marina into a belief that the discussion in the council had terminated satisfactorily, had she not remarked that the countenance of his friend, that countenance which she had been accustomed to behold ever smiling or serene, was now gloomy and disturbed. The compassionate glances, with which the Count occasionally regarded her, were inexpressibly painful. They forced upon her mind the consciousness of those misfortunes she had endeavoured to forget. She imagined also that he appeared anxious to address her, unobserved by

Demetrius; and a vague species of apprehension prevented her from affording him the opportunity he apparently desired. She felt as if his calm and clear representations would in a moment dissolve those delusive dreams of happiness in which she had sought to involve herself; and in order to avoid encountering even his regard, she attempted to converse with Demetrius and the Polish nobles, who had accompanied him; vain however was the attempt. She made the most unmeaning enquiries,—returned the most opposite answers to those demanded of her,—paused suddenly in the midst of a remark,—and then perceiving her errour, endeavoured, by assuming an air of gaiety and rallying her own abstraction, to conceal the cause from whence it sprang. Neither Demetrius or the Count were, however, thus easily deceived. They both beheld their sufferings; the former with anguish and humiliation, the latter with the deepest compassion. The Princess now reminding Demetrius of the promise he had made the Czarina to re-

visit her, entreated him to fulfil it; and, anxious to atone for the momentary warmth he had betrayed in their late interview, he complied with Marina's request, although he dreaded a repetition of the scene which had then ensued.

Count Wiesnovitski, perceiving Marina's disinclination to afford him an opportunity of addressing her, determined for the present to delay speaking to her on a subject which he judged, from the apparent state of her mind, she would be ill calculated to discuss: he therefore quitted her presence, accompanied by the Polish nobles: and Marina once more found herself alone.—All the contending emotions, all the fluctuating opinions, all the agonizing struggles, which she had so recently experienced, were again endured by the Princess, increased too by a sense of self-reproach for the weakness she had displayed in shrinking from the communications of the Count. She now believed that any positive misery would be more supportable than the dreadful alter-

nations of feeling she endured; and she determined to seek that interview she had so lately avoided.

Towards the close of the day, as the Princess was stationed at an open balcony, watching the descent of that sun, whose rise she had beheld with such far different emotions, a few notes of a national air, hummed carelessly by one of the Polish guards, struck upon her ear, and penetrated her heart. The accidental recurrence of a well known tune often recalls a vague remembrance of our feelings, without any recollection of the time or situation when last it caught our attention; it awakens the memory of sensation, rather than of circumstance. The last time that Marina had listened to this simple air had been during the recovery of Demetrius, when, though still feeble from his recent illness, she had conducted him to the gardens of the palace of Sendomir. The emotions of love, (of love softened by compassion, though not embittered by apprehension) of peace, and security, which

she then experienced, were now suddenly recalled, and forcibly contrasted with the tumultuous feelings, the terrours, the apprehensions, which now inhabited her breast. Painful, most painful was the contrast! and the tears, which stole unheeded down her cheeks, discovered that it was felt in all its bitterness.

The Princess had remained for some moments wholly absorbed by the painful emotions to which the Polish air had given birth, when the unexpected entrance of a female, whose face and form were wholly concealed from her view, aroused her from her reverie. She advanced towards the stranger, who, throwing aside the veil which shaded her, discovered the countenance of the Czarina Feodorofna.

Marina started—no thrill of pleasure at beholding the mother of Demetrius, but a sudden dread, a chilling apprehension, seized on her heart, as she gazed on her pallid countenance, whose expression seemed to forbode some fearful communi-

cation.—The Czarina, after a pause, in which she appeared endeavouring to collect her ideas, and command her feelings, in accents tremulous yet impressive, thus addressed Marina.

"Princess of Sendomir! you now behold before you a being, whose whole of earthly happiness depends upon yourself; a mother supplicating for the life of her son, of that son, for whose preservation she once defied a tyrant's rage, for whom she has endured whole years of bondage. On you, on you alone depends, whether she shall have suffered in vain; whether she shall yet behold that life, for which she has hazarded her own, sacrificed to the fury of a misguided multitude; or behold it preserved—a blessing to herself and to her country"—She paused, but received no reply from the Princess.

An oppressive conviction of all the misery which awaited her, a sensation of resentment, which she found it impossible to repress, struggled in her breast, and im-

peded her replying to an address which had wounded every feeling of her heart.

The Czarina, regarding this silence as unfavourable to her wishes, resumed,

"Although aware that the steps which maternal affection has induced me to adopt, would expose me, if discovered, to the everlasting indignation of him for whom it was taken, yet even the dread of this indignation cannot prevent me from repeating my request; repeating it with the urgency of one who pleads for more than life. The first moment that beholds a foreign Princess united to a Czar of Russia, beholds his destruction."

She then presented to the Princess several letters addressed to herself from the principal nobles of the empire, expressing the universal discontent, which prevailed throughout the nation, at the prospect of their Czar's approaching union, and containing several alarming intimations respecting the danger to which its fulfilment

would expose him. The hateful characters were discerned for a moment, but then seemed to float before the eyes of Marina. A sickness at her heart, a confusion of thought, a dimness of sight, seized on her faculties; the letters fell from her hands, and she sunk senseless on her seat.

The Czarina, roused to a sense of the harshness with which she had conducted herself towards the Princess, endeavoured to atone for it by the tender assiduity with which she sought to restore her to recollection. She at length succeeded; but the death-like paleness of her countenance, her quivering lips, the convulsive shudderings which sometimes passed across her frame, sufficiently betrayed the anguish she endured. The Czarina addressed some consolatory expressions to her; but Marina, scarcely aware of her presence, pressed her hand alternately to her burning temples, or her throbbing heart, as if to deaden her oppressive sense of existence. Suddenly recollect-

ing the Czarina's presence, she endeavoured to acquire more composure. "Leave me, Madam," she said, "for my sake, for your own, leave me. Fear not for my future conduct—fear not that any weakness of mine shall endanger that life, not more precious to you than to myself. Yes!" she added, with an air of bitterness, "yes, I will hasten to abandon this country, where first I knew misfortune;—where first the voice of unkindness greeted mine ear;—where first I found myself an object of aversion."

The mind, the manner, the expression of Marina, seemed to have undergone a total, though temporary, revolution. That meek and gentle spirit which bowed to the will of affection, rose with a feeling of proud resentment against this unmerited persecution—resentment which extended to the Czarina. The enthusiastic fondness with which she had ever dwelt on the idea of the mother of Demetrius; the compassion with which she had regarded her sufferings; the delight with

which she had anticipated the moment, when her attentions might contribute to repay them; all rushed upon her memory, and gave an appearance of ingratitude to the conduct of the Czarina.

Oh, surely! that doctrine is not a just one which teaches, that adversity is more favourable than prosperity to the culture of virtuous emotions. Misery is selfish and unsocial: How can a being whose soul is tortured with agony, racked with suspense, or sinking beneath the pressure of reiterated sufferings, experience a tender regard for the feelings of others, minister to their wants, or look around for objects of sympathy and benevolence! No, it is in the smiling period of life that the human character puts on its fairest aspect; the heart dilates with happiness, and longs to communicate to others the treasures it contains; for while misery engrosses every faculty and every feeling, no degree of happiness thus totally absorbs them; and Heaven seems to have imposed upon man, as the only means of pre-

serving or increasing his own felicity, the necessity of diffusing it around him.

The anxiety of the Czarina for the safety of Demetrius, the agony of Marina at the idea of abandoning him, had rendered each mutually insensible to the sufferings of each other; but now, when the assurance of the Princess had calmed the apprehensions of the Czarina; when her own sufferings were abated; she could feel for those of Marina. She addressed her with tenderness, she forbore all allusion to her past alarms, and spoke alone of her anxiety for the mutual happiness of the Princess and her son: "Happiness!" repeated Marina, with a bitter smile. The Czarina was silent. She wished to learn the intentions of the Princess respecting her departure, and the conduct she meant to pursue towards Demetrius; but that powerful apprehension which had given a temporary stimulus to her usual timid character no longer existed, and with it, fled the courage which had accompanied it. As her enthusiasm decreased,

her feelings became yet more embarrassed; and observing that Marina (whose fixed gaze seemed to denote her unconscious of all around her) did not attempt to re-address her, she determined to depart. She approached the Princess.

"In entire reliance on the assurance you have made," she began, but Marina rapidly interrupted her.

"Yes, Madam! in entire reliance upon that assurance, depart in peace,—depart in confidence, that the close of another day shall not behold me an inhabitant of Moscow."

The suffocating sigh which burst from her lips as she concluded this sentence excited the compassion of the Czarina, but when she attempted to express it, the countenance of Marina assumed an instant, though evidently forced, composure. She seemed to dread any expression of commisseration for sufferings from her who had been their immediate origin;

she seemed to dread being deprived of the right to experience a resentment, which presented her with an external object on which the dreadful irritation of her feelings might be expended.

The Czarina, perceiving the impatience with which she listened to her, advanced to the door of the apartment; then pausing, before she finally quitted it,

"Princess of Sendomir," she said, when you learn the nature of a mother's love, you will also learn to pardon the effects of a mother's anxiety."

She disappeared, before Marina, whose feelings were softened by this appeal, was enabled to reply to it, and she again found herself abandoned to solitude and to suffering.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Still the more
I poured my fondness, still the more distressed
She seemed, and turning from my tender gaze,
The copious shower stole down her troubled cheek
As if she pitied these my blind endearments
And in her breast some horrid secret swell'd."

Thompson's Agamemnon.

THE state of Marina's feelings rendered all attempts at reflecting on the schemes she was now to pursue impossible. The only idea that suggested itself, was that of entreating the advice and assistance of Count Wiesnovitski. She felt, however, her inability to enter personally on the painful topic, and determined to explain to him, by letter, some of the circumstances (but not the interference of the Czarina) that had determined her to adopt a resolution, which she required his assistance to carry into effect.

She entrusted this letter to a faithful attendant, and awaited its reply with the

utmost anxiety. A secret hope that the Count would disapprove of her intentions, and suggest measures by which it might be avoided, supported her courage; and when his answer was delivered to her, she felt as if on its contents her future happiness depended.

How great was her despair to find that the Count not only approved of her intended departure, but that he had himself been anxious to suggest it to her as the only measure which could secure the safety of Demetrius or herself. He likewise signified his intention of accompanying her into Poland. "The Russians," continued he, "are jealous of the favour displayed by the Czar towards the Poles, and I, as the principal object of this favour, am the principal object of an indignation, which my temporary absence may subdue. The greatest apprehension I entertain is that the natural impetuosity of the Czar's temper will be strongly excited, when he is first made acquainted with your departure. To obviate the evil effects which

might arise from its abrupt disclosure, it will be requisite for Your Highness to address him by letter, and explain the motives which have occasioned your departure, and even to allude to the possibility that it may not be final; although I am too fatally aware of the inveteracy of the Russian prejudices, to suppose it can be otherwise."—The Count then proceeded to mention some of the precautions he should take to avoid a premature discovery of their intentions. Every arrangement, he said, would be completed by the close of the ensuing day, when he advised that their proposed departure should be carried into execution.

The decisive style of this letter, and the rapid arrangements making for her departure, seemed, to the mind of the Princess, as the seal of her fate. There are moments of our lives when the stupendous and actual misery which assails us forbids any addition of that which is imaginary; forbids either retrospection or anticipation: the present,—the *dreadful*

present occupies every thought, every sense, and chains down the soul to its contemplation. It is fortunate that nature has thus destined it. The mind could not endure more than a certain portion of suffering; and if it could glance at once from all the joys it has lost, to all the evils it has to brave; if imagination could depict all the circumstances which might attend those evils; it must sink beneath the accumulated pressure: but excess of grief is not unfrequently productive of a stupefaction of the faculties, which is often attributed by others, and sometimes by ourselves, to a species of insensibility. Marina experienced a degree of astonishment at the calmness with which she felt enabled to make the necessary arrangements for her departure, with which she delivered her orders to her confidential attendants. Fatigued in body, exhausted in mind, she at length flung herself upon a couch, and, towards the approach of morning, a transient slumber suspended her sense of existence. She awoke, with a start of terrour, from

a frightful dream to the recollection of actual misery: she awoke with every faculty more vivid, with a keener sense of suffering from this temporary oblivion of it. Dreadful indeed are the wakings of the wretched! She was informed that Count Wiesnovitski requested to see her; and as she had not displaced the robe she had worn on the preceding day, she was soon prepared to obey the summons. Her extreme weakness obliged her to lean for support against the balustrades as she quitted her apartment; and an emotion of pleasure mingled with her surprise at perceiving it. "No! I shall never survive this separation," she thought,—and the thought was a consolatory one.

The Count, on her entrance, approached, and taking her hand, gazed with a mixture of respect, interest, and compassion upon her altered countenance. This expression of sympathy was painful: it is always so in a state of extreme suffering. Marina endeavoured to avoid it, by en-

quiring, in an abrupt and hurried manner, respecting the arrangements for their departure. The Count informed her of all his proceedings: observing the excess of her agitation, notwithstanding the efforts she made to conceal it, he advised her to avoid again seeing Demetrius, under pretence of indisposition. She did not reply to this suggestion; she could not command her feelings sufficiently to mention his name; she could not engage in any promise, which she might be compelled to break. "You will write—you will advise," she falteringly said: "Oh! do not abandon him, without some counsel, some consolation!"—"Rest assured, dearest lady," replied the Count, much affected, "that all it is in my power to effect will be attempted. Oh! were there any other remedy than this so desperate one, how eagerly would I embrace it!"

The countenance of Marina convincing him she could not endure to hear the painful subject alluded to, and nothing further remaining to be discussed, he quit-

ted her, after appointing the hour of their departure. When the Count had quitted the palace, Marina, arming herself with a desperate species of resolution, engaged, with a tremulous alacrity of manner, in the preparations for her departure: she delivered her orders respecting it with rapidity; she entered herself into its minute arrangements; but suddenly, in the midst of this apparent eagerness, she would pause, place herself in a seat, while her abstracted air and vacant gaze evinced her wholly insensible to what was passing around. These fluctuations of manner, perfectly unintelligible to her attendants, were noticed by them with wonder and curiosity.

As the day drew towards its close, Marina's sufferings increased: she shuddered as she heard the departure of each hour proclaimed by the tolling of bells, as she gazed upon the sun, now verging towards the horizon. Demetrius had frequently during the course of the day, visited the abode of the Princess, and had

been urgent in his request (notwithstanding the assurance he received of her indisposition) of being admitted to an interview. After many doubts, and much hesitation, Marina at length determined to comply with his wishes. She persuaded herself that she adopted this resolution in order to avoid incurring his suspicions. She was not aware that it was the impulse of affection, and not the instigation of prudence, which influenced her determination. Shading her face by a veil, in order to conceal its pallid hue and agonized expression, she awaited, with apparent calmness, the arrival of Demetrius: yet, when she heard the sounds of his approaching footsteps, and the tones of his voice, as he enquired respecting her, all the imprudence she had been guilty of, in according this interview, rushed upon her mind. For one moment she thought of yet avoiding it, and attempted to rise from the couch, but an over-powering weakness seemed to enchain her to it; and the next, Demetrius was in the apartment with herself. He

hastily advanced, and, gazing with an expression of the utmost tenderness upon her reclining form, and pallid countenance, exclaimed, "My Marina!—my beloved Marina, why have you attempted to conceal the extent of your illness? why have you not allowed—"

She interrupted him by an assurance that her indisposition was of little import, and repose alone was requisite to her complete restoration. Her voice was so altered, her manner so restrained, her countenance so embarrassed, that Demetrius, struck with the alteration, suddenly retreated some paces from her, while the deepest crimson, the mingled hue of shame, resentment, and alarm, rushed over his countenance. An instantaneous idea that she wished to abandon him, presented itself to his imagination. In gloomy silence he remained gazing upon that face of matchless beauty, that form of perfect symmetry, and thought that face and form, all lovely as they were, rivalled by the mind which they enshrin-

ed; that thought renewed his confidence, and he felt assured that the regards of such a mind, the affections of such a heart, would not be attracted or repelled by external circumstances.

Marina had been too much occupied by her own emotions to observe the peculiar manner of Demetrius. Once, indeed, she raised her eyes to his countenance, but the sight of his noble and expressive features, the idea that she should behold them no more, suddenly suffused her eyes with tears, and prevented her from longer distinguishing them. Demetrius, who now believed his transitory suspicion unjust, and attributed her apparent suffering to bodily, not mental anguish, addressed her in the most soothing accents, entreated her to retire to rest, and declared his intention of seeking the aid of those better skilled than himself in the means of restoring her health. Alarmed at this proposal, Marina eagerly endeavoured to detain him. Demetrius, surprised at the sudden vehemence of her manner, com-

plied with her request, but on condition that on the morrow, should her indisposition continue, she would consent to his wishes. As he pronounced the words "to-morrow," a shuddering sensation crept over her frame; yet, when he forced from her a reluctant consent to this proposal, a burning blush suffused her countenance. She had before felt that she was but obeying the dictates of duty, in tearing herself from Demetrius; but now, a doubt arose, whether the dissimulation she was guilty of were not in itself a species of crime. Her heart eagerly caught at such a suggestion, and for a moment she felt tempted to reveal her intention to Demetrius, demand his forgiveness for having dared to form it, and abandon her future conduct wholly to his guidance; when the recollection of her promise to the Czarina, with a thrill of agony, darted across her mind, and prevented her from indulging the impulse of inclination. Demetrius, endeavouring to convince himself that repose indeed was alone requisite to the restoration of Marina, determined to quit her presence.

The Princess perceived his intention, and excess of suffering rendered her silent and motionless. With apparent calmness she heard him express his tender solicitude, as he bade her farewell; with apparent calmness she beheld the beams of love,—love, now softened by compassion, in his eye, felt the pressure of his hand for the last time; with apparent calmness beheld the closing door of the apartment exclude him forever from her aching gaze. Yes! with calmness she endured this;—but it was the calmness of despair.

Her senses did not wholly abandon her; but the impressions made on them were vague and indistinct. Her eye perceived no form; her ear received no sound; she heard not the rattling of the carriage wheels which were to bear her far away from Moscow—from happiness—from Demetrius. She perceived not the entrance of the Count, till he approached and addressed her. She started, gazed on him at first with an air of vacuity, then

suddenly her expression changed, and a flood of tears, which rolled down her cheeks, relieved Count Wiesnovitski from the apprehensions her appearance had at first excited. He bore her, for her limbs refused to afford her support, to the carriage, and, followed by her female attendants in another, and, surrounded by a numerous party of Polish guards, the Count and Princess departed from Moscow.

The night was clear and calm, and when they had quitted the city, and rolled over the spacious plain, so often traversed under different circumstances, no sound interrupted the stillness, but the trampling of the cavalry, as they rode beside the carriage; no words were exchanged between the horsemen, nor did the Count attempt to address the Princess, whose deep and frequent sighs alone gave token of her existence. Count Wiesnovitski had been actuated in his desire of removing the Princess from Moscow by that warm and disinterested regard which

ever influenced his conduct towards his friends. He was aware that the separation between Demetrius and Marina would be productive of present suffering, but doubted not that it would conduce to their ultimate happiness.

The letter which he had addressed to Demetrius on their departure (for the Princess had declared herself incapable of following his advice, by addressing him, at least for the present) explained, in the clearest manner, the necessity of the resolution which the Princess had adopted. It informed him of several circumstances relative to the discontent of his subjects, with which Demetrius had previously been unacquainted, and it represented, in the strongest colours, those which he had hitherto disregarded. His whole letter breathed the tone of reason, of feeling, and of friendship. Impetuous as he knew was the character of Demetrius, he scarcely deemed it possible for him not to acknowledge the justice of his representations, and to submit to a fate which it appeared impossible to avoid.

Count Wiesnovitski's feelings were tender, rather than impetuous; the impressions made on them were durable, rather than acute: besides he had never experienced any attachment more ardent than friendship, and could only form a vague and general idea of the sufferings their separation occasioned the lovers: he was not enabled to follow them through all those shades of feeling, those agonizing struggles between reason and inclination, with that perfect sympathy which can alone be bestowed by one who has experienced sorrows similar to those he commiserates.

Count Wiesnovitski, however, respected *that* grief whose extent he could not fully comprehend; and no futile attempts at consolation, no cruel endeavour to condemn the feelings, by an appeal to the reason, disturbed the silent anguish of Marina. They pursued their way towards the frontiers with the utmost rapidity, till the Count, alarmed at the increasing languor of the Princess, and the hectic flush-

ings which, passing across her cheek, left it more deadly pale than before, proposed their resting for some hours at the town which they were then approaching. Too languid and indifferent to oppose this suggestion, Marina tacitly consented to it, and the Polish train joyfully obeyed the order to repose themselves and their weary coursers at the town of Polzon.

CHAP. IX.

"For I cannot be
Mine own or any thing to any, if
I be not thine; to this I am most constant
Though destiny say no."

Winter's Tale.

THE first idea which occurred to Demetrius on the morning succeeding that night during which the Princess had quitted Moscow, was an extreme anxiety to learn whether she had recovered from the effects of her indisposition, and at an early hour he repaired to her palace.

Engrossed by various reflections, he noticed not the absence of the Polish guards, but passed forward to those apartments usually occupied by Marina. He traversed the spacious chambers, but all appeared equally deserted. Roused at length to a sense of surprise at this unusual circumstance, he gazed around to

discover some vestige of Marina; he listened to catch some sound, which might conduct him to her.

All was still;—all was vacant:—a sudden dread, a chilling apprehension struck across his heart: he rushed hastily from the apartment into the grand hall, where he beheld some of her Russian attendants.

"Where is the Princess of Sendomir?" he hastily demanded.

"The Princess of Sendomir quitted Moscow last night," was the reply.

"Quitted Moscow!" he reiterated.

"Yes, she departed from the city, accompanied by her Polish attendants," replied the Russians, calmly resuming their respective occupations. Demetrius for some moments remained stupified with grief, surprise, and indignation.

Marina had quitted Moscow! The

words yet rung in his ears, the proofs of her departure were yet before his eyes; but he felt inclined to doubt the evidence of his senses, to think that he was in a frightful dream, from which he should awake to love and to happiness. The idea of his friend, of that friend to whom he had been accustomed to unbosom all his feelings, to pour forth all his griefs, occurred to him, and his name involuntarily escaped his lips.

The Russians understood the exclamation as one of enquiry, and replied, that Count Wiesnovitski had accompanied the Princess from Moscow.

Demetrius started at this information; a new and dreadful suspicion rushed upon his mind. Rage, jealousy, every turbulent, every ungentle feeling of his nature was instantly aroused: the influence of passion forbade the exertion of reason: through the medium of a disordered imagination, he beheld both the past and the present; he recollected not

the undeviating friendship of the Count, the tender attachment of Marina; he considered not that if a mutual regard had subsisted between them, it might long since have been indulged; he perceived alone the dreadful certainty that the Princess and the Count had abandoned him. At this moment the letter which Count Wiesnovitski had addressed to Demetrius on his departure was delivered to him by one of the Poles, who had remained in Moscow. Unmindful of the surprise his action excited, he flung it from him with indignation; and, returning precipitately to the Imperial palace, commanded his courser to be accoutred, and the few Poles whom he perceived on guard, to accompany him. With surprise they prepared to obey these directions. His eye flashing fire, his cheek glowing, every movement rapid, yet tremulous, he mounted his courser, and pursued the route which he concluded had been adopted by the fugitives.

As the sun advanced towards the meridian, the sandy road which they travel-

led, reflecting its beams, rendered the heat intense. The Czar's courser, panting with toil, covered with dust and blood, seemed unable to proceed. Demetrius threw himself from it, and, commanding one of his attendants to give him his in exchange, mounted and again pursued his route. Oh! how different were now his feelings, from when last he had traversed the same road, in order to meet and welcome his beloved Marina! Love, happy love, reigned in his soul, and rendered every object delightful, every thought harmonious, every sensation delicious: love still reigned there indeed;—but love, attended by jealousy, despair, resentment;—jealousy, which stung him to madness, and presented but one idea, that of Count Wiesnovitski and the Princess mutually attached, mutually triumphing in bliss, while *he* was left deserted and alone. Each thought wounded him more deeply, each thought urged him on to new exertions. The Count, in the meantime, while the Princess and himself rested at Polzon, for the

first time since their departure from Moscow, ventured to address her in the language of consolation: the look with which she replied to him, expressed at once her sense of his kind intentions, and her conviction of their inutility. He sighed as he observed the air of despondency diffused over her countenance, and abandoned all attempts to console a grief which at present admitted not of alleviation. At the moment that he rose to quit the apartment, for the purpose of delivering some orders to their attendants, a confused tumult appeared to proceed from the street; and the well-known accents of Demetrius were mutually and instantaneously recognized.

The Count started.—Marina gazed around with alarm—yet an alarm not wholly unmingled with a tumultuous emotion of hope. The sounds drew nearer—the door was flung open, and Demetrius advanced—he gazed alternately upon the Count and Princess There was terrour in his eye—his lofty air, his stern

silence, his proud, indignant glance intimidated Marina: she felt as if she must be criminal to have excited such resentment: every feeling vanished from her mind, but the desire of being restored to the regard of Demetrius, of again beholding the beams of affection in his eye. The Count returned his menacing regard with those of compassion.

Demetrius, at length, in a voice almost inarticulate from emotion, exclaimed, pausing at intervals, as if gasping for breath, "Why am I thus forsaken?—treacherous friend!—inconstant Marina!

The Princess, shrinking from his angry glance, was incapable of reply, but the Count said,

"My letter was intended to explain"—"Intended to explain," interrupted Demetrius, "your treachery, your deceit, your unparalleled ingratitude: but think not that your guilt shall triumph, think not—" He advanced furiously towards them.

The Count, extremely alarmed at his violence, placed himself before Marina, and seized the arm of Demetrius to prevent him from approaching her. He tore himself from his grasp, and, placing his hand upon the hilt of the sabre, appeared on the point of unsheathing it. The dreadful apprehensions which this action excited, inspired Marina with energy and courage. She rushed forward, she sunk on her knees before Demetrius, and retained the hand, whose action proclaimed his hostile intention. Her imploring attitude, her soft and penetrating accents, the touching expression of her countenance, in which fear, pity, love, were at once united, seemed to allay the storm, which jealousy had raised in his breast.

"Demetrius, dear Demetrius!" she said, Alas! why has my conduct,—this conduct, which the most dreadful necessity alone has imposed,—excited these suspicions? Is it possible that you can doubt the strength of my regard, the sincerity of Count Wiesnovitski's friendship? But

has not my presence involved you in danger? Would not its continuance conduce to your destruction? Alas! it is the voice of your people, not the inclination of my heart, which commands me away." Her increasing emotion impeded her further utterance.

"Consult your reason, Demetrius," said the Count, "and that will tell you the impossibility of ever subduing the prejudices of your people; *that* will tell you, that to preserve your throne, it must neither be shared by a Polish Princess, or surrounded by a Polish nobility."

"Then be that throne for ever abandoned!" exclaimed Demetrius. "Go Marina," he continued, as he raised her from the ground, yet still retained her hand in his ardent grasp, "go!—but to the end of the world will I pursue your footsteps. Whatever be *your* destiny, it shall also be *mine*. This is not the raving of passion, but the language of reason. What has glory to offer in ex-

change for love? What are the loud plaudits of the multitude, when placed in competition with the soft voice of tenderness? What are the tumultuous joys of ambition—what is the cold triumph of gratified pride, compared with those sweet and penetrating emotions which the certainty of mutual affection, of reciprocal confidence creates? Oh, Marina! and would you then have left me to this splendid wretchedness, to move through life, 'unloving and unloved?' Enough has the dream of greatness and of glory already deluded me; the phantoms have vanished beneath my grasp—and that throne, whose possession gratifies neither the mind, the feelings, or the senses, is for ever abandoned." He paused—and gazed on Marina with mingled love and hope. She seemed to struggle with the softer feelings of her heart, as she replied.

"Alas, Demetrius! by what right is it abandoned? Oh! well indeed I feel that love would compensate the absence of all other blessings! but is man at liber-

ty to abandon, at will, his station in society, a monarch, to relinquish his throne, for the gratification of his feelings?"

"Cruel Marina!" exclaimed Demetrius, "is this the language of the heart? Oh! you have never loved;—you, who could coolly form and execute the resolution of abandoning me, have never loved!" He relinquished her hand, and again a deep gloom overspread his features.

"Never loved!" repeated Marina:—alas! it is not *my own* happiness I seek; I devote myself to *your's;* but, oh! do not mistake the path which leads to it."

At this declaration his countenance was again illumined with transport:—he again approached Marina.

"I do not, cannot mistake the path which leads to it. In securing you, I secure happiness. Come, come," he added, impatiently, "your assurance cannot be recalled: henceforth our destinies

are for ever united: come."—He appeared prepared to conduct her from the apartment.

Marina, overpowered by the ardour of her lover's manner, abandoned herself to a belief that all resistance would be vain. His will seemed to be that of fate; and she felt inclined to resign herself to its guidance. The Count perceived her hesitation, and advanced.

"My dearest friends," said he, "let me entreat, as you value not only your future happiness, but your future rectitude, to pause a moment before you adopt any fixed resolution." Demetrius threw on him a glance of impatience. Marina cast her eyes on the ground, dreading to hear the voice of reason—that voice which she knew would *now* be in opposition to that of inclination. The Count proceeded—"Were you, my friends, two beings unconnected with society; were there none whose fates were involved in yours—none whose happiness depended upon you—then indeed you might pursue,

without a crime, your present inclinations; but you, Demetrius, who have been called to the first great lot of human kind—you, in whose power it is to bestow felicity on millions—you, on whose will the welfare of an empire rests—is it possible that you can esteem yourself entitled at pleasure, to abandon duties so awful—a station so important?"

Perceiving an air of anger and impatience in the manner of Demetrius, the Count paused not to hear his reply, but addressed himself to Marina: insensibly his accents softened as he viewed her pallid cheek and dejected air. "Forgive me, lady, if to you I urge a parent's claim, as one which cannot be disputed. It was to the Czar of Russia, that the Princess of Sendomir was betrothed: it was to an Imperial monarch, not to a wandering exile, that the Palatine of Sendomir consigned his daughter:—judge then if *that* daughter have a right to disappoint the expectations, to blast the hopes"—

"Enough, enough!" interrupted the Princess; "there is but one path for me to pursue; it is, indeed, the path of duty, but of misery." She sunk on a seat, and concealed her face in her veil; but her rising sobs betrayed the anguish she endured.

Demetrius approached; the expression of his countenance was remarkable—to Count Wiesnovitski unintelligible. Neither the gloom of despair darkened his eye, or the glow of resentment crimsoned his cheek; but a smile—almost a smile of triumph played on his lip:—it was the triumph of a decided mind, which felt that its own will was superiour to opposition.

"Count Wiesnovitski!—Marina!"—he said, as he glanced alternately towards them; "I have heard *your* decisions: now attend to *mine*. You, Count Wiesnovitski, reason like one who knows not the struggles of passion—whose heart has never owned the influence of love; and

you, Marina, as one, whose feelings, powerful as they are, are yet less powerful than your sense of duty;—but *I*, as one whose passions are stronger than reason, whose will, if it cannot *conquer*, will at least *contend* with fate. Vain, oh, how vain! to tell me of the claims of my subjects;—to tell me that my life must be devoted to the promotion of their welfare. My reason, indeed, may urge the same; but my heart revolts from the sentence. What! shall I seek to diffuse happiness amongst *those*, who have consigned *me* to misery? Shall I spread joy and gladness around me, while agony or despair inhabit mine own breast? Such, perhaps, might be the conduct of Count Wiesnovitski; but such never can be the conduct of Demetrius. Deprive me of Marina, and you deprive me of virtue;—you deprive me of every motive to action:—life would lose its charm—glory its attraction—goodness its reward. Remember that mine is no transient passion, created by caprice, and dependant on circumstance: its birth formed a new

era in my existence;—it stimulated me to moral and intellectual advancement; it awoke me to virtue, as well as to bliss:—each thought, each hope, each act, centered in it alone. And can you tamely bid me conquer such a passion? And conquer it for what? That I may hold a feeble sceptre, which my subjects may sway at inclination; that I may be the titled puppet, whose movements they might work at will! Go, then, Marina!" he said, turning to her; "if Count Wiesnovitski's arguments have prevailed, go:—but again I say, I will be the companion of your flight. If the wandering exile be not permitted to *share* your fate, he may at least *attend* it:—if he dare not aspire to be the partner of your fortunes, he may, at least, be the servant of your state."

The struggle between feeling and pride, in the impetuous soul of Demetrius, impeded his further speech; but his air, his eye, his quivering lip, shewed the conflict he endured. Count Wiesnovitski felt that all argument would indeed

be vain. Marina, trembling, agitated, yet a secret joy diffusing itself through her heart, that the belief that all opposition to the wishes of Demetrius would not only be cruel, but ineffectual, glancing her eye from him to the Count, said, "Tell me—instruct me what path to pursue, what conduct to adopt."

"Return with me to Moscow," said Demetrius, advancing, and firmly grasping her hand: "return with me to Moscow. If we must not abandon our throne, let us be happy upon it. Banish the groundless apprehensions which have occasioned this flight. What is that you dread from the opposition of my subjects? Believe me, the murmurs of the multitude die away before the resistance of a firm mind, as the force of the waves spends itself in vain against the impenetrable rock."

He spoke with a confidence which again awakened Marina to hope. She looked at Count Wiesnovitski, as if to demand his opinion and advice.

"If the Czar be, indeed, inaccessible to reason," he said, "your return to Moscow is the only option that remains."

He spoke with evident regret and hesitation, but Marina, enraptured at receiving his sanction to the conduct she secretly desired to adopt, remarked not the reluctance with which this sanction was accorded; and forgetting the awful warning of the Czarina and her consequent promise, yielded to the delight of reflecting, that whatever might be the future misfortunes of Demetrius and herself, at least they would be encountered together; while the joy and gratitude of Demetrius, at the assurance she now gave him of abandoning all idea of pursuing her flight was unbounded.

Count Wiesnovitski beheld with an astonishment not unmixed with uneasiness, the total absence of alarm and reflection from the minds of the lovers: he could not comprehend how, amidst the dangers and difficulties of their situa-

tion, they could thus resign themselves to the influence of joy. He knew not that all sufferings appeared trivial, compared with those they had lately endured; and that, at whatever price, the bliss of reunion was but cheaply purchased. He now endeavoured to explain to Demetrius the conduct he was anxious for him to pursue. He advised an immediate return to Moscow, if possible, before either his departure or that of the Princess were known throughout the city. "If indeed," he continued, "we can reach Moscow before the close of day, your absence, if discovered, may not excite either surprise or suspicion; but any longer delay would awaken conjecture and surprise, which it might be difficult to satisfy."

Neither Demetrius or Marina offered any opposition to this proposal, and the whole train was in a short period on its return to Moscow.

CHAP. X.

"Behold the black, the guilt-concealing night
Fast closes round. Wide thro' this ample palace
The lamps begin to shine. The tempest falls;
The weary winds sink breathless. But who knows
What fiercer tempest yet may shake the night?"

Thompson's Agamemnon.

"From whence ariseth this?
Silence that dreadful hell! If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout begun."

Othello.

SILENCE, as if by mutual consent, was preserved between the party as they proceeded on their rapid route to Moscow. Marina, overcome by the various conflicts she had endured, sunk into a state of calm; but the calm was a delightful one; for the presence of Demetrius seemed the assurance of security and happiness The thoughts of the Count were wholly engrossed by devising means to reconcile Demetrius with his subjects,

and to avert the storm which he feared was impending; and he was wholly unaware of the silence which prevailed. Demetrius indeed wished to interrupt it; but the presence of his friend imposed a restraint on the expression of those feelings, he longed to address to Marina.

As they approached within sight of Moscow, a sudden recollection of all the sufferings she had endured there, a sudden dread of those she might yet have to undergo, and, above all, a sudden remembrance of the Czarina's prophetic warning, rushed upon the mind of Marina; but the next moment were banished thence, by beholding the countenance of Demetrius illumined with a bright flash of surprise and joy. She gazed around to discover its cause, and perceived a party of Cossacks approaching them.

"Welcome, my friend Kosanka! welcome my brave fellow warriours!" exclaimed the Czar, as the carriage stopped, while the Cossacks eagerly sur-

rounded it, every gesture expressing the delight they experienced at again beholding their loved commander, their respected monarch; and Demetrius resigned himself to that pleasure so exquisite, but so rare, of receiving the expressions of artless and unadulterated affection.

The Czar, however, after the first greetings had been exchanged between them, recollecting the peculiarity of his situation and that of the Princess, requested Count Wiesnovitski to superintend the accommodation of the troops in the different quarters of the city; and, after delivering some orders to Kosanka, bade both his friends farewell, and commanded the carriage, which now contained only the Princess and himself, to proceed towards the Kremlin. When they reached the Imperial palace, Marina hesitated whether to descend; but Demetrius, apparently without remarking her indecision, bore her from the carriage, and hurried her forward till they reached a distant apartment.

The guards and attendants of the Czar, who had been greatly alarmed at his long absence, and were now equally surprised at his return,. accompanied by the Princess of Sendomir, interrogated on the subject the faithful Poles who had accompanied them; but Demetrius had engaged them to secrecy, and the curiosity of the Russians remained unsatisfied.

Demetrius, when alone with Marina, after a pause of some length, in which he appeared hesitating in what terms to address her, said,

"Marina! you have but now given me a testimony of affection, which has excited my admiration, no less than it has increased my love; yet deem it not an ungenerous encroachment *on* this affection if I demand a yet further proof of it. This night—this hour— let our destinies be irrevocably united.

Marina started—the deepest crimson, for one moment suffused her cheek, but

the next beheld her the image of death; for a sudden remembrance of the Czarina's solemn declaration, "That the first moment that beheld a Czar of Russia united to a foreign Princess, would behold his destruction," rushed upon her mind, and she shrunk from the touch of Demetrius, who had taken her hand and pressed it fervently within his, as he gazed with a mingled expression of hope, love and anxiety, upon her varying countenance. The excess of her emotion surprised, but did not prevent him from pursuing his request. He urged that a step thus decisive would effectually prevent the further interference of his subjects; he urged it as the suggestion of his reason, no less than the wish of his heart.

"My subjects," said he, "now behold you as the Princess of Poland with jealousy and distrust; but they will regard you as the Czarina of Russia with respect and confidence. Yet even should these hopes prove delusive, do you not feel with me that all sufferings can be braved but

that of separation? That all dangers can be encountered if they be encountered together? Oh, my Marina! place it then beyond the power of man—of fate—again to disunite us!" He paused—his ardent manner, so calculated to banish apprehension and awaken hope, revived the drooping spirits of Marina. Her promise to the Czarina was again forgotten: her heart, softened by all the struggles she had so lately endured, yielded to a tide of tender emotions, yielded to the pleadings of Demetrius. He perceived the consenting glance of her eye, and, pressing her hand fervently to his lips, without waiting to hear her confirm a consent, her manner had already implied, bidding her prepare for his speedy return, quitted the apartment.

The ideas, which successively floated across the mind, the emotions which successively throbbed in the breast, of Marina, as she awaited the return of Demetrius, were too various, too fluctuating to be defined. Short was the interval al-

lowed for their duration. Demetrius re-entered the apartment, his countenance beaming with love, and hope, and gratitude. He seized the hand of Marina, and swiftly conducted her through a long vaulted gallery to a distant and unfrequented suite of apartments, one of which had formerly been appropriated to offices of devotion. In this was a temporary altar, near which stood the Catholic Priest, who had accompanied the Princess to Moscow. Demetrius led Marina towards the altar. The rapid fluctuations of her expression, which combined at once the vivid beams of hope with the softer rays of modesty, the "light of love" which was diffused over her countenance, rendered her more exquisitely beautiful than Demetrius had ever yet beheld her.

The priest advanced—he commenced the ceremony;—and the slow and solemn tones of his voice, interrupting the stillness, and reverberating through the vaulted chamber, excited an emotion of awe in the mind of Marina: yet as he advanced

through that sacred service which in the eyes of God and of man was to unite them for ever; the thoughts of both were concentrated on *that* alone; the hearts of both throbbed in unison, as they felt that the duties it imposed were not less delightful than they were important. But those thoughts so elevated—those feelings so sweet—that service so solemn—were suddenly interrupted by the deep tollings of the Kremlin bell: that bell, never sounded but on occasions of awful import, now vibrated on their ears, like the sudden burst of subterranean thunder. The priest abruptly paused—and gazed in consternation on the Czar.

"Proceed!" exclaimed Demetrius impatiently. "Oh, no, no," said Marina, endeavouring to free her hand from the grasp of his, as she recollected the Czarina's prophetic declaration, "that dreadful sound forbids it."

"That sound shall be silenced," replied Demetrius, "or I shall be no longer

the sovereign of Russia." His indignant glance sought his sabre, which previously to the commencement of the nuptial ceremony, he had detached from his girdle.

"Oh, go not hence," exclaimed Marina. "It is the token of rebellion! It is the signal of destruction!"

"Better, then, bravely to encounter than tamely await it," replied Demetrius.

"Assist me! Oh, assist me to detain him, father!" said Marina, turning to address the priest—but he had vanished from the spot—and the Czar and Princess were alone in the apartment.

The great bell still continued its awful tollings;—a confused tumult was heard throughout the palace.

"Oh, leave me not!" exclaimed Marina, as half fainting with terrour she clung for support to the arm of Demetrius. His

rage and indignation were now converted into tenderness and alarm; he endeavoured to re-assure her; he watched with extreme solicitude the variations of her countenance; he besought her to calm her dreadful agitation; and, thus employed, heeded not the increased and now approaching tumult. "They come, oh, Heaven they come!" exclaimed Marina, suddenly regaining some degree of strength, and involuntarily precipitating herself towards the altar, as if for security. Demetrius seized his sword, and placed himself beside her, in an attitude of defence. The tremendous uproar now resounded on every side—the door was suddenly burst open, and a promiscuous and enraged multitude rushed into the chamber. For a moment all was discord, clamour and confusion: but the sight of the Czar, his noble aspect and commanding attitude seemed to inspire a feeling of respect; while the view of the Princess who had now prostrated herself at the foot of the altar, as if to implore that mercy from Heaven, which seemed to be de-

nied by man, excited an emotion of pity. Some appearance of order was now assumed by the multitude; they ranged themselves around the apartment, and formed a circle completely investing Demetrius and Marina. Into the centre of this circle, Prince Vassili, bearing a cross in one hand and a sword in the other, now advanced, and placing himself immediately opposite Demetrius, thus addressed him.

"I cite you, by this symbol of our holy religion, Gregory Ostrepiof, who have assumed the name of Demetrius Ivanovitch, and, under this name, have been elevated to the throne of Russia, to answer before the tribunal of justice, for those crimes which you have committed against it." The Prince paused—and turning to the guards, who had attended him, commanded them to secure the person of the usurper. They advanced a few paces towards Demetrius, but he waved his arm as if to command them away; they retreated, notwithstanding the reiterated orders of Prince Vassili.—

They perceived that Demetrius was preparing to address them, and were more anxious to hear his defence, than to secure his person. It might be deemed that the impetuous soul of Demetrius would have been fired with indignation, and betrayed into passion, at such an insulting appeal, such a daring accusation: but resentment, when accompanied with profound contempt, is always externally calm; and contempt was the predominating feeling in the mind of Demetrius, as his eye, keen, penetrating, determined, met the undaunted gaze of Prince Vassili; of him, whose life he had preserved, whose crimes he had pardoned, whose friendship he had sought. Disdaining to make any appeal to his feelings, or his gratitude; disdaining even to consider him in any other light than as the medium through which the opinion of the Russians was made known, Demetrius, in a voice, loud yet temperate, calm yet determined, replied:

"To obey such an appeal would equal-

ly disgrace *myself*, as to have made it has dishonoured *you*. I *am* Demetrius Ivanovitch, the same Demetrius whom but a few months since the people of Russia hailed with one accord as the lawful sovereign of their empire. My claims were disclosed and admitted; my title declared and acknowledged.—From what cause then proceeds this sudden revolution of opinion? What proofs can you produce in support of an accusation not less daring than it is extravagant."

The manner of Demetrius was more dispassionate than Prince Vassili had expected; but his apprehensions for Marina, and anxiety to secure her from further alarm, rendering it the Czar's first wish to free her from the presence of the multitude, enchained the natural expressions of his feelings. "Rather," Prince Vassili replied, "than demand from us the cause of this accusation, acquaint us with the evidence of your boasted claims; true, indeed, they have been affirmed by yourself, propagated by your friends,

supported by your sword; but where are those proofs that should *confirm* them? Where are the witnesses noticed in your manifesto? Where are those testimonies which, if produced, would indeed establish them?" A smile of malicious triumph played on the lips of Prince Vassili, as he concluded this address, which conveyed the pang it was intended to the heart of Demetrius. He had at first regarded the charge as unpremeditated and absurd, the futile attempt of a faction, which threatened what it could not execute; but he now beheld it in a more alarming light; he saw that the plot was deeply laid; he knew that the demands made appeared reasonable; and he felt they could not be answered. Where *now* indeed was Koslof the fugitive; where *now* was the faithful Galitzin; where *now* was the prior of St. Michael's convent? As these reflections rapidly recurred, his eye, cast down in thought, gave an expression to his countenance which by the Russians was mistaken for that of dejection and alarm. It seemed

to inspire them with courage; and the Patriarch, who had been hitherto concealed amidst Prince Vassili's guards, now advanced.

"Russians," said he, "you perceive that the imposter attempts not to refute the accusation alleged against him How indeed, can he, who has despised the most solemn ordinances of our holy religion, who has neglected the long established customs of our country, who is, in fine, on the point of espousing a Catholic Princess;" and he glanced his eye towards the pale and trembling Marina; "how can *he* be descended from the ancient sovereigns of the empire?" "No, no!" exclaimed the Russians, inflamed by this address, "No! he is not our sovereign, he is not the son of Ivan Vassilievitch." They rushed tumultuously towards him. Marina, uttering a shriek of despair, attempted to interpose between Demetrius and his enraged subjects; but her senses failed, and she fell prostrate at the foot of the altar. The sight ap-

peared to inspire the Russians with compassion, and they hesitated; while Demetrius, wholly regardless of their movements, raised Marina in his arms, and, finding his attempts to recover her prove ineffectual,

"Barbarians!" he said, turning fiercely towards them, "behold the destruction you have effected."

This address renewed their rage, and they again approached him.

"Off, off," he exclaimed, "*you are* my subjects, and as such do I command you hence."

"Secure him," said Prince Vassili to his guards, "secure the traitor."

"Traitor!" repeated Demetrius, as he fixed upon the Prince his awful and accusing eye; "traitor!" but struck with the idea of the danger to which his impetuosity would expose, not only himself, but

Marina, he endeavoured to command the tumult of his soul, as he said,

"Russians—countrymen—for one moment at least accord me your attention." They appeared inclined to obey this request, though their hands still brandished their sabres, though their menacing glances were still fixed upon his countenance.

"I grant," resumed Demetrius, in a voice rendered tremulous by contending passions, "I grant that it is not in my power to produce the proofs you demand of my Imperial lineage. Those who bore testimony to the truth of my claims, when laid before the diet of Poland, are no longer in existence;—but one witness yet remains," and his voice assumed more firmness as he proceeded, "one witness yet remains, whose evidence will not be disputed. The Czarina Feodorofna—you have beheld her on the throne of Russia; have seen her brave a tyrant's rage;—think you then she is likely to be deceived or suborned by an imposter?

You once beheld her welcome and acknowledged me as her son, and to her testimony I again appeal."

He ceased: a confused tumult was heard throughout the chamber. Prince Vassili and the Patriarch loudly declaimed against such an appeal; but they were overpowered by the opinions of the multitude, who, ranging themselves round Demetrius, declared they would protect him from all injury, unless the Czarina Feodorofna formally renounced him as her son. At this unexpected declaration, Prince Vassili and the Patriarch proposed that they should repair to the Czarina, and receive her testimony; but Demetrius urgently entreated them to conduct her to the Kremlin. Without replying to this request, they departed, accompanied by all the nobility;—and Demetrius and Marina remained encircled by a promiscuous multitude, who regarded them with a strange mixture of curiosity, ferociousness, and pity. Alternately inclined to consider Demetrius as their lawful

Czar, or as a despicable impostor, their manner and countenances varied with their opinions, which were communicated in half-whispers to each other.

During this interval so pregnant with terrour, so full of expectation, Marina recovered her recollection. When she unclosed her eyes and found herself supported in the arms of Demetrius, whom she had believed sacrificed to the fury of the multitude, a half smile played on her pale lips; but when she beheld the dark and rugged countenances around her, she shuddered, and again closed them with an emotion of horrour. Demetrius, in a low voice, briefly explained the appeal he had made to the testimony of his mother, and expressed his conviction that the presence and declaration of the Czarina would both divest his subjects of their suspicions, and free themselves from any further apprehensions.

Demetrius, aware of his impetuosity, dared not address the surrounding multi-

tude, lest he should be induced to betray a resentment, which might fatally excite theirs in return; and his anxiety for the safety of Marina taught him to bend his, hitherto, inflexible soul to the yet *more* inflexible will of fate. In this state of suspense they had remained a considerable period, when the voices of Prince Vassili and the Patriarch, in loud and earnest discourse, were heard, as they proceeded along the gallery which conducted to the apartment.—All eagerly directed their glances towards its entrance; and the heart of Marina sunk within her, and the eye of Demetrius kindled with indignation, as he beheld them return unaccompanied by his mother.

"Where is the Czarina Feodorofna?" he loudly demanded."

"It was her *testimony*, and not her *presence*, which was required," said Prince Vassili, "nor would the one be more favourable to your cause than the other." Russians," continued he, turn-

ing to the eagerly expecting multitude, "I solemnly affirm that, in the presence of your holy Patriarch and these nobles of your empire, the Czarina Maria Feodorofna deposed that the real Demetrius was slain, when an infant, at Uglitz; that terrour alone had induced her to acknowledge, as her son, the impostor before you, whose repeated menaces had compelled her to make a declaration she was now prepared to retract." Prince Vassili was scarcely permitted to conclude this speech before the enraged and credulous multitude once more rushed towards Demetrius:—Marina again sunk lifeless on his breast.

"Spare her! Oh spare her!"—exclaimed the Czar, as he found his encircling arms would not be a sufficient defence against the sabres which assailed them. At this fearful moment, the well-known war-cry of the Cossacks was heard. The Hettman Kosanka, and Count Wiesnovitski, followed by a numerous train, poured into the apartment. A dreadful

conflict ensued:—like the heavings of a dark tempestuous sea, were the fierce struggles of the closely-pent warriours. Shouts, groans, sounds of triumph or of despair re-echoed around.

Count Wiesnovitski's first anxiety was to rescue Marina from this scene of terrour. He discovered her, encircled by the Czar's left arm, while in the other gleamed his uplifted sabre, whose rapid and powerful movements warded off the strokes of his assailants. The Count forced his way towards them. Demetrius perceived him. "Save her," was all he could say, as he resigned Marina to his friend. Count Wiesnovitski made no reply, but sustaining her lifeless form in his firm grasp, bore her in safety through the clashing swords; for the Russians almost instinctively gave way at his approach.

Without pausing for a moment, the Count pursued his way rapidly from the palace, through the almost deserted streets.

of Moscow, to that quarter of the city inhabited by the Poles. Instantly summoning and hastily acquainting them with the danger of the Czar and Princess, he commanded some of the train to depart immediately with the Princess towards the frontiers, and the remainder to return with him to the Kremlin. They obeyed; and Count Wiesnovitski, with a rapidity equal to that with which he had quitted it again sought the Imperial palace. The tumult seemed to have abated; the Count scarcely knew whether to consider this as a favpurable or alarming circumstance. A few savage and blood stained countenances gleamed past him, as he rushed rapidly through the long gallery which led to the apartment he had so lately quitted. All now was silent:—a dreadful alarm,—an oppressive apprehension, took possession of his soul. He paused,—as if to recover respiration;—before he dared to re-enter the portal. At length he summoned resolution to advance; and his eye hastily and fearfully glanced over the horrid

scene:—a scene he had indeed often witnessed upon the field of battle, but never in the abode of man.

In the midst of mangled bodies, in the midst of the dying and the dead, he perceived the Hetman Kosanka kneeling beside a figure, which he instantly recognized as that of the Czar's. He rushed forward, he raised the hand of his friend in his;—but the touch of that hand was cold as death; he gazed at his countenance,—but it was pale and fixed as monumental marble: he endeavoured to discover some vestiges of life, some symptoms of respiration,—but no vestige, no symptom could be perceived: he looked on his numerous wounds,—and shuddered, as the dreadful conviction was imposed upon his heart, that Demetrius was indeed no more.

CHAP. XI.

"How like a hateful ape
Detested, grinning, 'midst his pilfer'd hoards,
A cunning man appears, whose secret frauds
Are open'd to the day! scorned, hooted, mock'd!
Scorn'd by the very fools who most admir'd
His worthless art. But when a great mind falls,
The noble nature of man's generous heart
Doth bear him up amidst the shame of ruin;
With gentle censure, using but his faults
As modest means to introduce his praise.
For pity like a dewy twilight comes
To close the oppressive splendour of his day,
And they who but admir'd him at his height,
His alter'd state lament, and love him fallen!"

Baillie's Basil.

The entrance of the Princess of Sendomir into the empire of Russia, had decided the fate of its sovereign. From this period the conspiracy, which terminated in his destruction, had been concerted, and Prince Vassili had only delayed its immediate execution in order to ensure its final success.

The opinion, that the Czar was an impostor had been industriously propagated, and generally believed throughout Russia; and although Prince Vassili availed himself of the accidental concurrence of the Cossacks' arrival, with the abrupt departure of Demetrius from the capital, and subsequent return with the Princess, and a Polish train, to hasten the moment of insurrection, these events did not occasion it. The Prince inflamed the minds of the people, by asserting, that the Czar's intention was to shut the gates of the city, massacre those amongst the Russian nobles and citizens who had opposed his union with the Princess of Sendomir, and then publicly solemnize his nuptials. The people too easily credited these assertions, and seizing the first weapons which presented themselves, rushed tumultuously towards the palace, where their dreadful purpose was fatally executed.

Prince Vassili no sooner beheld Demetrius fall beneath the strokes of his nu-

merous assailants, than he withdrew his troops from the Imperial palace, in order to secure the avenues leading to the city, and possess himself of its principal forts. Having succeeded in this design, with deliberate ferocity, he commanded a general massacre both of the Poles and Cossacks. His orders were obeyed; and a scene, painful to describe, or to imagine, ensued. Although this state of anarchy and confusion lasted only ten hours, more than ten thousand persons perished in the conflict. The scene was finally closed, by the election of Prince Vassili Shuiski to the Imperial throne; but the triumph of the murderer was incomplete; for Count Wiesnovitski had escaped his power.

Over the body of Demetrius the Hetman Kosanka and Count Wiesnovitski exchanged the mutual vow to pursue with sure, determined, unrelenting vengeance, him who had effected his destruction. They knew that immediate revenge was not in their power (for the comparative small number of Poles and Cossacks for-

bade the hope of successful resistance) and they perceived that present flight would alone effectually secure future triumph. At the head of a small band they forced their passage through the guards stationed at one of the city gates; and pursuing their way rapidly towards the frontiers, reached Poland in safety.

The dreadful intelligence they conveyed spread horrour and dismay throughout the kingdom; for few of its natives were there who wept not, amongst the victims of Prince Vassili's ferocity, the death of a kinsman or a friend. The spirit of revenge breathed throughout the land. Inspired by one sentiment, actuated by one desire, an army of Poles, under the command of Count Wiesnovitski, again advanced to the frontiers of Russia. Its progress was resistless as terrible; its success rapid as decisive; and the Imperial city, which had so lately beheld the entire though temporary extinction of the Polish power, again submitted to its influence. Count Wiesnovitski and the Hetman Ko-

sanka entered Moscow as conquérors: but Prince Vassili Shuiski was no longer its sovereign. The Russians, when recovered from the temporary frenzy which his representations had excited, began to regret its effects. The errours of Demetrius was forgotten in his fate; while his generosity and clemency were strongly contrasted with the unrelenting sternness of their present Czar. Those who had already dared to assassinate a lawful sovereign did not long hesitate to depose a tyrannical usurper.

Within a short period after his election to the throne, Prince Vassili was precipitated from it, and confined in the monastery of Pohndof. There he was visited by Count Wiesnovitski; the warriour's helmet was exchanged for the monkish cowl; and his expression of savage triumph converted to one of sullen despair; but his heart was still unchanged; *that* was now equally inaccessible to remorse and repentance, as it had formerly been to gratitude and mercy. Count Wiesno-

vitski shuddered as he gazed upon the murderer of Demetrius. The Russians readily consented to deliver their late Czar into the power of the Poles; and the Count then proceeded to visit upon the other enemies of his friend the crimes they had committed against him.

The Patriarch was compelled to resign his high office; and both the Princess Irene and her mother, who had been instrumental in increasing the popular discontent, were placed in a convent, and obliged to assume the veil. The Count likewise sought the unfortunate Czarina Feodorofna, but she was no longer in existence. The intelligence of her son's assassination (for her supposed deposition was an entire fabrication of Prince Vassili's) had, at first, deprived her of reason; and, after languishing some time, alternately the victim of madness or despair, she was finally released from a scene which, to her, had long been a scene of suffering.

The pangs of jealousy and remorse, the struggles of reason and passion, the alternations of hope and fear, may be described; but who can paint the cold unvarying feelings of despair;—that night of the soul, uncheared by any hope, except the hope of death? Who can paint the grief which took possession of Marina's mind from the period when she recovered to a sense of her misfortunes? Immured in the profound retirement of her father's castle, it was long before she could admit even Count Wiesnovitski to an interview: but on his return from Russia, with his captive Prince Vassili, she consented to see him. On his entrance into her apartment, she extended her hand in silence towards him; he raised it to his lips, and the tear which bedewed it, conveyed a mingled emotion of anguish and gratitude to the heart of the Princess.

From this period, the conviction that the murderer of his monarch had met his due reward, that each day was advancing the approach of that period which would

unite her for ever to Demetrius, produced a degree of composure in the mind of the Princess, which enabled her to perform those social and relative duties her religion enjoined. But when, deceived by this external tranquillity, her father and her friends united in urging her to appear again in those scenes which her presence had formerly irradiated, the sudden change in her manner, the expression of anguish which instantly overspread her countenance, the firmness with which she persisted in her refusal, convinced them, that her's was indeed "a grief which knew not consolation's name."

In contemplating the fate of Demetrius, we contemplate the fate of genius undirected by judgment, untaught by experience;—we behold the career of one, whose progress, had he possessed but the common virtues of humanity, by diffusing happiness around, would have resembled the river's fruitful course, instead of its fearful inundation. But in surveying the errours of genius, let it ever be remember-

ed, that with the possession of stronger intellect, are also combined sensations more exquisite—feelings more acute—passions more impetuous;—that while the former places its possessor above the level of his fellow-creatures, the latter makes it indeed a dangerous, and too often fatal pre-eminence.

APPENDIX.

Instead of giving Notes on the Historical Parts of this Romance, the Author has subjoined the entire Narrative of the reign and adventures of Demetrius, as related by COXE *in his "Travels in Russia."*

IVAN VASSILIEVITCH II. left two sons, Feodor, who succeeded to the throne, and Demetrius, an infant, who was educated at Uglitz, under the care of his mother the Czarina Maria Feodorofna, and in the eighth year of his age was said to have been assassinated by order of Boris Godonof. The real circumstances of this assassination being purposely withheld from the public, are variously related; and the following particulars are alone unquestionable. A body, supposed to be that of the young Prince, was found weltering in its blood; and certain persons, considered as the assassins, were instantly put to death by the inhabitants of Uglitz. The ac-

count of the catastrophe being transmitted to Moscow, Boris Godonof, after circulating a report that Demetrius had, in a fit of phrenzy, put a period to his own life, dispatched his creatures Vassili Shuiski and Cletchnin, to enquire into the circumstances of his death. Having examined the body of the deceased, they declared it to be that of Demetrius, and confirmed the report. Maria Feodorofna, accused of gross inattention to her son's security, was compelled to assume the veil, and confined in a convent; many inhabitants of Uglitz, who spoke freely concerning the murder, were capitally punished; some were imprisoned, and others banished.

"Boris Godonof managed this horrid transaction with such art and secrecy, that scarcely any suspicions were entertained against him, until thirteen years after, a person made his appearance under the name of Demetrius: he declared that his mother, suspicious of the attempts against her son's life, had removed him from Ug-

litz, and substituted another child, who was assassinated in his place; and that, being educated in a convent, and concealed from the knowledge of his persecutors, he had escaped from Russia into Poland. Being there admitted into the service of Wiesnovitski, a Pole of great distinction, he discovered himself to that nobleman, who warmly espoused his cause. Boris Godonof, having received intelligence of this unexpected claimant, disseminated a report, that the impostor, who assumed the name of Demetrius, was a monk styled Gregory or Griska Otrepief; and spared neither threats nor bribes to obtain possession of his person. When these expedients failed of success, he dispatched his emissaries into Poland to assassinate him.

"Wiesnovitski, alarmed for the safety of his fugitive, recommended him to the protection of the senator George Mnishek, Palatine of Sendomir, a nobleman of great consequence in Poland. Demetrius, being acknowledged by him the rightful

heir of the Russian throne, was soon afterwards betrothed in marriage to the Palatine's daughter Marina; and in the beginning of 1603, was introduced to Sigismund III. King of Poland. Being admitted to a public audience before the diet, he excited the compassion of the assembly by the affecting manner in which he related his adventures; and though Sigismund and the diet regretted that the situation of their country prevented them from openly seconding his pretensions, yet they testified the most cordial attachment to his interests, and laid no prohibition on those nobles who might be disposed to engage in his support. By the assistance of his two patrons, Wiesnovitski and the Palatine of Sendomir, Demetrius entered Russia in the month of August 1604, at the head of 4000 Poles; and being soon joined by many Russians, particularly by the Cossacks of the Don, advanced almost without opposition to Novogorod Severskoi, and routed in December an army of 40,000 men; but was not long afterwards defeated with great

slaughter, by Prince Vassili Shuiski, general of Boris Godonof. Eight thousand of his followers were either killed or taken prisoners, and all his artillery and colours fell into the hands of the enemy; his horse was wounded under him, and he himself escaped with difficulty.

"This overthrow occasioned the defection of the Polish troops; and Demetrius himself, dismayed with his loss, would have retreated precipitately into Poland, had he not been dissuaded by the importunities of his Russian adherents; many of whom believed him to be the true Demetrius, and all dreaded the vengeance of Boris Godonof. Overcome by their entreaties, he continued his march, and, notwithstanding his late discomfiture, was soon at the head of a numerous army of Russians, who flocked to his standard from all quarters. Not only the populace, ever prone to credulity, but even men of the highest birth and quality, gave credit to his pretensions; not only the distant provinces supported his cause, but

the people rose even at Moscow, and publicly proclaimed that Demetrius had escaped from his assassins, and claimed allegiance as their rightful sovereign. This insurrection was immediately quelled; but although Boris Godonof inflicted the severest punishments upon his adherents, though the Patriarch published a ban of excommunication against him and his party, and though Vassili Shuiski affirmed that he had himself examined the body of the deceased Prince at Uglitz; yet an universal belief spread through all ranks, that the pretender to the throne was the real son of Ivan Vassilievitch the Second.

"The sudden death of Boris Godonof ensured the success of Demetrius. Feodor Borisovitch, declared successor to his father by the Patriarch and nobles who were present at Moscow, was deserted by the principal generals of the Russian army, and by many persons of distinction. His troops at this inauspicious moment were suddenly attacked and defeated;

and those who escaped were obliged to swear fealty to his rival, who, strengthened by this accession, advanced by hasty marches towards the capital, without the least opposition; the highways were lined with people; the towns opened their gates with every demonstration of joy, while Demetrius supported the prepossession of the Russians in favour of his birth, by the affability of his demeanour, and the gracefulness of his person. Having published a manifesto to the inhabitants of Moscow, with offers of clemency and favour on their return to their duty, they rose in arms, stormed the palace, strangled Feodor Borisovitch, and recognised the title of Demetrius. On the 30th of June, the new Czar entered Moscow in triumph, and took possession of the throne with universal approbation. His pretensions to the crown, as real son of Ivan Vassilievitch, were confirmed by the public testimony of Maria Feodorofna, whom Boris Godonof had imprisoned in a distant monastery, and whom Demetrius, at his accession, released from

her confinement. Upon her approach to Moscow, on the 8th of July, he rode to meet her at the head of a numerous procession, and at the first appearance of her carriage, alighted from his horse and ran to embrace her. The tenderness and affection which both parties displayed on this interesting occasion, drew tears from the spectators; and the strong expressions of transport with which the Czarina openly acknowledged him for her son, seemed to confirm the reality of Imperial lineage. Soon after this interview he was crowned with the usual pomp, and seemed firmly seated upon the throne, in the possession of which he would probably have maintained himself by a conformity to the manners of his subjects, and by a prudent deference to their civil and religious establishment. But his avowed contempt of the Russian customs, and his public neglect of their religious ceremonies, soon alienated the affections of his subjects, and precipitated him from the throne as rapidly as he had ascended it. He was active, spirit-

ited, and merciful, soon offended, and as soon appeased; liberal, ambitious, and desirous of making himself known to posterity; in a word, he was a Prince who loved honour, and recommended it by his own example. In Poland he applied himself to the study of languages, arts, and sciences; he conversed in Latin and Polish with fluency; he was well acquainted with history, and particularly with that of Russia and the neighbouring kingdoms: he was well versed in music, and possessed other liberal accomplishments. On account of his address and good fortune in obtaining the crown, he was esteemed a magician. Warlike exercise and hunting were his principal amusements. He had some knowledge of engineering and artillery, was fond of casting cannon, and shot with such skill as to surprise the most dexterous marksman. He was zealous to improve the discipline of his army, for which purpose he would often review his troops, instruct them in different manœuvres, storm ramparts and fortifications; and, as he was always foremost, and the

most eager among the assailants, was often rudely handled in the fray. Desirous to be esteemed a patron of justice, he put to death several judges who were convicted of iniquitous practices.

"He was not only so much attached to the Polish customs and dress as to prefer them upon all occasions; but he even ridiculed the Russian manners, and in every instance deviated from the examples of the Czars his predecessors. Instead of showing himself to the people seldom, and only upon extraordinary occasions with a large retinue, he was accustomed to traverse the streets with a few servants; he commonly rode, and as he was an excellent horseman, was generally mounted upon the most fiery steeds; he hunted frequently, had music at his repasts, never slept at mid-day, never bathed. These trifling circumstances were regarded in so serious a light, that the omission of them rendered him the object of general hatred; and it was commonly reported, that the person who could show

such a distaste for the customs of his country, could never be descended from the race of ancient sovereigns."

"It was an obvious inference, to consider the despiser of his subjects as their enemy. Under such circumstances his destruction seemed inevitable; and yet a year elapsed before any tumult broke out. At length his marriage with a foreign lady closed the scene; and it would have been a wonder if he had continued any longer upon the throne."

Having in Poland betrothed himself to Marina, the daughter of the Palatine Mnischek, he despatched a splendid embassy to demand her in marriage. The espousals were performed at Cracow, and the bride having made her entry into Moscow, accompanied with a large suite of Poles, was lodged in a nunnery till the solemnization of the nuptials. During this interval he disturbed the devotion of the holy sisterhood with repeated feasts, concerts, and balls, whereby he

excited public horrour, as a violator of religious dicipline. By this infatuated behaviour he inflamed the disaffection of his subjects to such a degree, that a regular conspiracy was concerted against him. The leader was Prince Vassili Ivanovitch Shuiski, the same person who had owed his life to the lenity of Demetrius, and on whom this act of clemency had no other effect than to render him more cautious in his subsequent machinations against his benefactor. Demetrius frequently received intimations from different quarters of a projected insurrection; the popular odium betrayed itself by the most alarming symptoms; persons were heard exclaiming in the streets, 'The Czar is an heretic, worse than a Turk, and not the son of Ivan Vassilievitch.' But, either from a natural magnanimity that braved all danger, or from the inconsiderate levity of his character, he was insensible to all these prognostics; and by obstinately persevering in his unpopular conduct, semed almost to invite destruction.

"The insurrection broke out early in the morning on the 17th of May. The conspirators secured the principal avenues of the city; the great bell in the Kremlin, the common signal of alarm, was tolled; and a confused cry was spread among the people, that the Poles were preparing to massacre the inhabitants. Vassili Shuiski, who secretly inflamed the public discontents, led the way to the palace, bearing a cross in one hand, and a sabre in the other, accompanied by a vast multitude, armed with the first weapons which chance presented. This party, having overpowered the guards, burst open the gates of the palace, and rushed towards the royal apartment. Demetrius, awakened by the tumult, summoned the few guards who were immediately about his person, and sallying, without a moment's deliberation, against his assailants, hewed down several of the foremost: being soon overborne by numbers, he attempted to retreat into the interiour part of the palace; but, closely

pressed by his pursuers, precipitated himself from a window into a court."

"Being discovered, he was re-conveyed to the palace, and brought before Vassili Shuiski, who loaded him with reproaches for his imposture. Not dismayed, however, with the menaces of his enemy, he persisted in maintaining himself to be the real son of Ivan Vassilievitch II. and appealed to the testimony of his mother, who resided in a neighbouring convent. The firmness and consistency of his asseverations made a considerable impression on many of the Russian soldiers, who peremptorily declared, that they would protect him from all injury, unless Maria Feodorofna formally renounced him as her son. On this unexpected declaration, Vassili Shuiski, accompanied by some Russian nobles of his party, repaired to the convent, and returned instantly, with the following answer from the Princess:—'The real Demetrius was slain at Uglitz; the person who at present assumes his name is an imposter; and

I was constrained by menaces to acknowledge him for my son.' On the delivery of his message, the unhappy monarch was immediately sacrificed to the fury of his enemies."

"The assassination of Demetrius was followed by a general tumult; the houses of foreigners were pillaged, and not only the Poles who fell into the hands of the people, but even many Russians who wore the Polish dress, were massacred.—Though this state of anarchy only lasted ten hours, yet more than two thousand persons lost their lives. The dreadful scene was finally closed by the election of Vassili Ivanovitch Shuiski to the throne of Russia. Manifestos were immediately published, in which the new Czar justified his conduct, and detailed the history and fortunes of his predecessor, whom he pronounced an adventurer, whose real name was Griska Ostrepief. He ascribes to him an intention of extirpating the principal Russian nobility, and of introducing the Roman Catholic religion into

Russia; accused him of holding a correspondence with the Pope for that purpose; insinuates that he had even promised to cede the provinces of Smolensko and Severia to the King of Poland; represents him as an heretic and sorcerer; displays, in the most odious colours, his aversion to the manners and customs of the Russians, his attachment to foreigners, and expatiates with much art, upon every part of his character which was most likely to excite the public abhorrence."

In another part of his work Coxe likewise notices the fate of the Czar Vassili Ivanovitch, who, "after a reign of a few months, was deposed by his subjects, and placed in the monastery of Schudof, from whence he was conveyed into Poland, where he only exchanged one prison for another still more dismal, and fell a victim to his own disappointment and chagrin, as well as the ill treatment of the Poles. We are naturally led to compassionate the fate of a deposed monarch, who dragged on a miserable existence amidst the hor-

rours of perpetual imprisonment; but the black ingratitude of Vassili Shuiski towards Demetrius, his sovereign and benefactor, almost extinguishes our sense of his calamities."

The following note, subjoined by Coxe to his narrative, seems to preclude the necessity of giving his arguments in favour of Demetrius:—

"Since the publication of this chapter, the death of Muller (who was the most able advocate of the opinion that the Czar was an impostor) allows me to declare (what delicacy at that time prevented me from asserting) his full conviction that the Czar was the real Demetrius. 'As his imposture,' he said, 'is an article of faith, I could not venture to publish my real opinion in this country, but, on perusing my account with attention, you will perceive the arguments I have advanced in favour of the imposture are weak and inconclusive.' He added, smiling, 'If you write on the subject, refute me with

freedom; but do not mention my confession during my life-time."

COXE's *Travels in Russia.*

The following circumstances omitted by Coxe, are noticed by Voltaire.

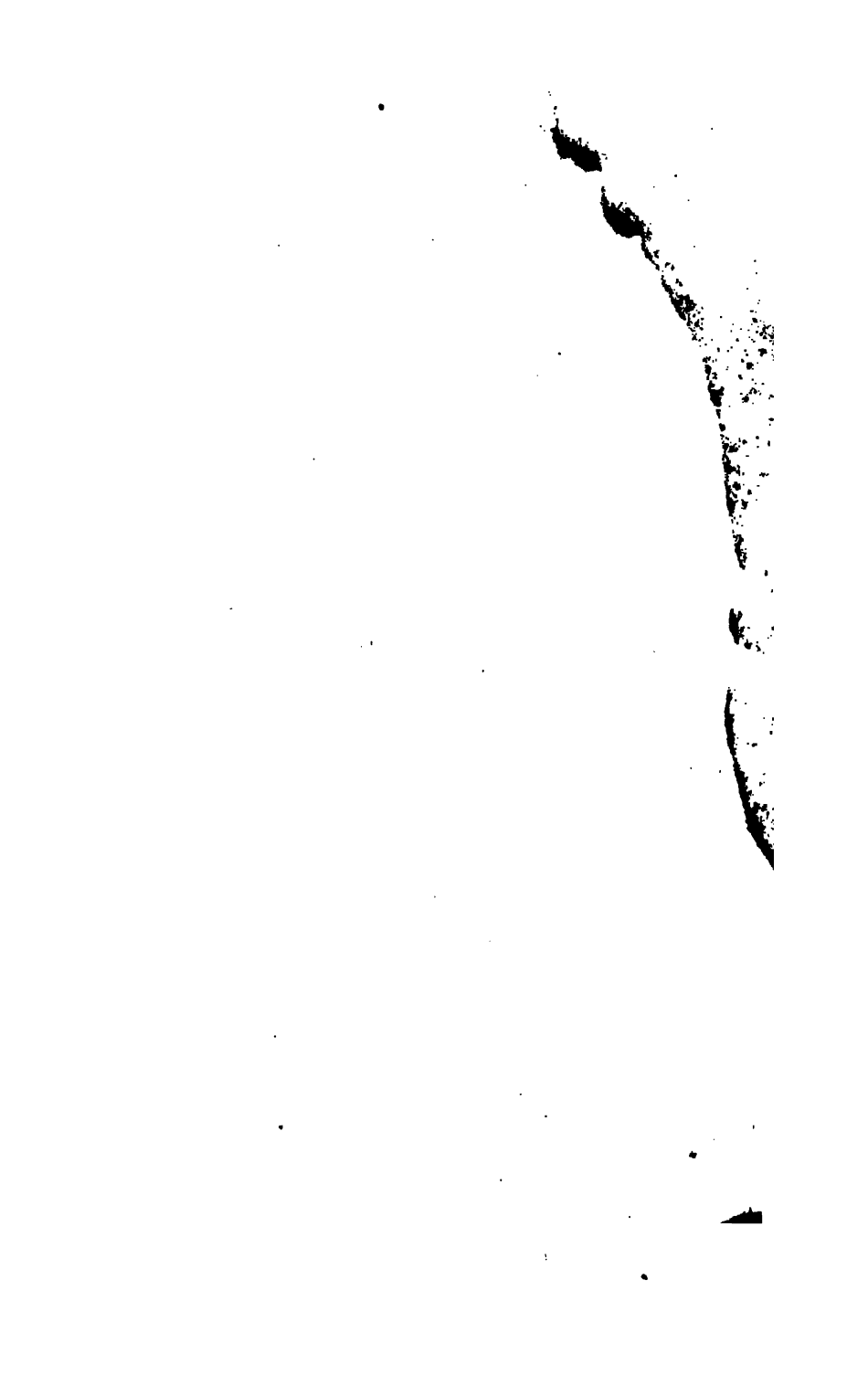
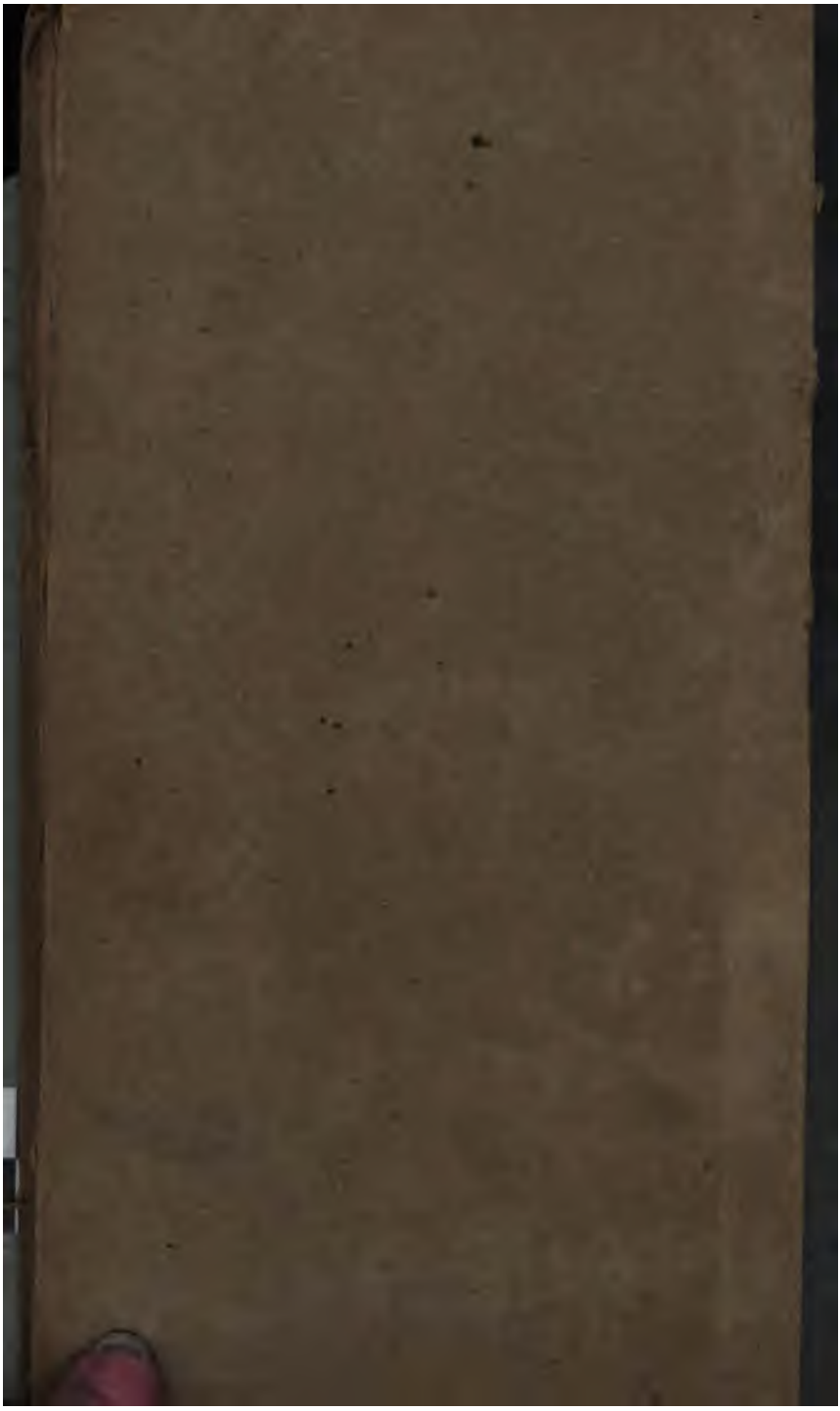
"At this time a young man appeared in Lithuania, who proclaimed himself to be Prince Demetrius, that had escaped out of the hands of his assassins. He bore a perfect resemblance to the Prince; he shewed the cross set with diamonds that had been tied about his neck, &c."

"Those, who were dissatisfied with the Russian government, declared in his favour. A general of that nation, advancing within sight of Demetrius's army, cried out, *'He is the only lawful heir of the empire,'* and immediately went over with his troops under his command."

VOLTAIRE's *Universal History.*

As some historians speak of the assassination of Demetrius as having occurred

on the day of his marriage, the author has employed this circumstance to give greater effect to the catastrophe.

The Princess Irene, daughter of Boris Godonof, is frequently mentioned by Margaret and other contemporary historians, as having, from ambitious and interested motives, inflamed the public indignation against Demetrius.

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